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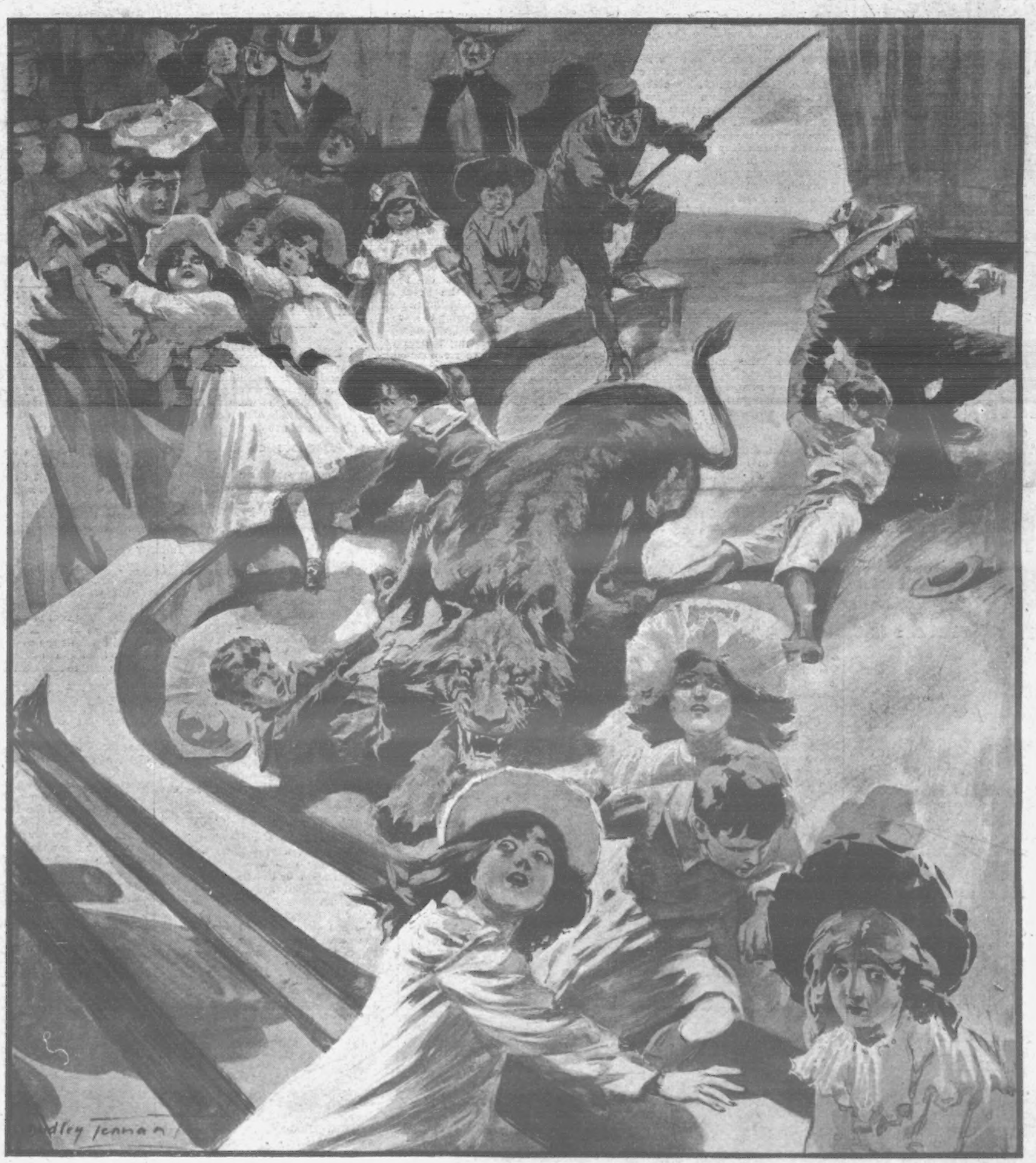

PANIC IN AN IRISH CIRCUS.

The escape of a lioness caused great excitement at a performance in Queenstown, last week, of Hanneford's Circus. The circus was crowded to its fullest extent when one of the keepers, in full view of the audience, opened the door of the animal's cage preparatory to entering. With a sudden bound the lioness leaped through the door and escaped, amid the cries and shrieks of the terrified spectators, the majority of whom were children. The beast jumped into the middle of the ring and knocked down a boy named White, tearing most of the skin from his face with her claws. Then she attacked another boy, and wrenched off part of his jacket. The lioness, pursued by the keepers, made another dash, and succeeded in getting out of the enclosure into an adjoining field, where she lay down. Eventually she was lassoed, numerous attendants and a large dog assisting in the capture.

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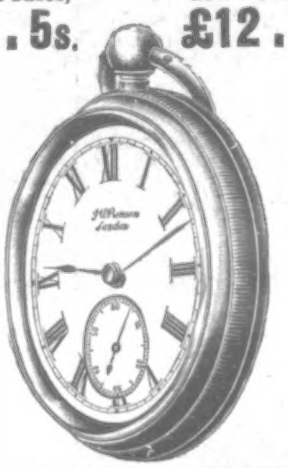

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THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DETAILS OF A UNIQUE COMPETITION FOR THE IDENTIFICATION OF FINGER-PRINTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 382.

This week I am starting a new feature, "The Editor to His Friends," which, judging from the shoals of postcards which have reached me in response to the editorial notice I recently inserted, should become one of the most popular features of the paper. I want to get into closer touch with my readers, and I shall be glad if you will turn to page 382 and read the article which I have written there, and will then drop me a postcard, or a letter, giving me your opinion of the paper, and letting me know if there is any way in which I can be of service to you. If you want advice or information on any subject please write to me and I will do my best to help you.—THE EDITOR.

The Prospects of Peace.

For the first time since the Russo-Japanese war started, sixteen months ago, it is possible to state without undue optimism that peace seems probable. It would not, however, be safe to go further than this, for, in view of the notoriously procrastinating and disingenuous methods of Russian diplomacy, it is never possible to predict a satisfactory outcome of any negotiations in which the Tsar's representatives may be engaged. The position at the time we go to press is as follows: President Roosevelt has addressed an identical message to the Tsar and the Mikado, suggesting that in the interests of humanity some effort should be made to put an end to the war, and urging both belligerents to appoint plenipotentiaries to discuss peace without intermediaries. The President did not take this step until he had ascertained through his representatives in St. Petersburg and Tokyo that his proposal would be welcomed. Both the Tsar and the Japanese Emperor have accepted the proposal, and it now remains for each side to appoint its representatives to meet and discuss the matter. It is stated that they will probably meet at Washington. The first step towards this end would naturally be a cessation of hostilities—in other words, the announcement of an armistice for a specified time.

The Revolution in Russia.

The parallel between the state of things in Russia and that which prevailed in France before the outbreak of the Revolution is becoming startlingly close. We have the same wild unrest among the people, and the same want of purpose and clear insight among the rulers. The autocracy is tossing feebly upon the waves, apparently unable to steer a direct course to any definite goal. In fact, the Russian ship of state is in a hopeless muddle, just as Louis XVI.'s Government was before the convocation of the States-General, and it may be drifting aimlessly towards a similar catastrophe. In some respects matters are even worse in Russia than they were in pre-revolutionary France, because the Tsar's Empire is still deeply involved in a tremendous foreign conflict, from which apparently it has not the resolution to extricate itself, though every hope of success has disappeared. In the meanwhile all classes of the population are in a ferment. The proletariat of St. Petersburg is actively seditious, and is only kept from furious manifestation of violence by the pressure of an overwhelming military force. As it was in France also, the intellectuals are on the side of the insurrection. All that there is of professional and mercantile ability is against the autocracy. The lawyers, doctors, professors, students, and financiers sympathise with the liberal movement. The journalists, except those who are kept by the Government, are strongly on the same side, says the *Evening Standard*. But the most curious parallel of all is furnished by the conduct of the Russian nobility. Like the French aristocrats before the Revolution, these comfortable rats are hastening to leave the sinking ship. The emigration, we are told in an interesting telegram from the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Express*, has been proceeding steadily since the winter. Wealthy families have been leaving Russia by the score for foreign countries, and the migration is increasing so rapidly that places on the westward-bound trains have to be secured several days ahead. persons of means are hastily converting their real property in Russia into cash, and investing the proceeds in foreign securities. Many of these patriots have even taken shares in the new Japanese loans. Public spirit seems as feeble among these Russian noblemen and gentlemen as it was among the titled French *emigrés*. Like the latter, they have been trifling with the new revolutionary ideas, and are cynically indifferent to the consequences. Their chief preoccupation seems to be that of preserving their own skins, and some at least of their property. To the future of Russia they are indifferent.

The G.P.O. in 1400 B.C.

Lecturing on "Canaan One Hundred Years before the Exodus," Dr. Sayce said the civilised Oriental world of the Mosaic Age was as highly civilised as our own of the present day. Correspondence from the Egyptian Foreign Office of 1400 B.C. was contained in the cuneiform tablets discovered at Tel-el-Armana nearly twenty years ago. Well-organised postal services, high roads, colleges, and libraries existed, and there was "ample evidence that monarchs were as anxious to protect the trade of the country as Mr. Chamberlain to-day."

Photo, Rees.

The old battleship "Exmouth," on which Admiral Togo was trained in this country. It is now in Penarth Dock, being broken up. This ship took part in the Crimean War, when it stormed several Russian forts.

Photo, Florman.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN, who has been deposed from the Norwegian Throne.

An Anecdote of Peter the Great.

No other great ruler was ever so faithfully patient in the hour of adversity, so gratefully modest in the hour of triumph, as Peter the Great. Listen to the words addressed by him to one of the ablest of his later *protégés*, Ivan Nepluyev, when, full of gratitude at his unexpected appointment as Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, he fell on his knees before his benefactor. "Nay, my little brother, kneel not to me," cried Peter, raising him up, "God has set me over you, and it is my duty to see that I do not give places to incompetent, or take them away from competent, people. If you are a good man you will be doing good not so much to me as to your country. For I shall have to give an account of all of you to God. I shall have to answer for it before His judgment seat if I do harm by promoting bad or foolish persons. Serve faithfully and justly, little brother, and first God, and then I also, will never forsake you."

Jack's "Togs."

The reformers of sailors' uniform had prepared us for some changes, but not for such a revolution as is recommended by the Devonport committee. Not only are the wide trousers to be narrowed, but the flapping collar is to be abolished. The alteration has been rendered desirable by the development of the modern warship. The rollicking free-and-easy style may have been fit and proper when Jack's principal business was to fetter the flying breezes, but now that these have given place to machinery and steam the outlying portions of his garments are apt to be caught in the thousand-and-one bits of mechanism which stud the iron-clad battleship and cruiser. It would be absurd to say that the transformation of so old and familiar a uniform can be expected with equanimity. Nelson's men were dressed pretty much as Fisher's men are dressed to day. The flapping collar and the wide trousers seem to have become as necessary to the national prosperity as the top hat of the City man. But doubtless the City man would work as well in a cap. And we believe even a Life Guardsman's uniform would not destroy the efficiency of the sailor.

The King of Sweden Deposed.

The Scandinavian crisis has reached its climax in a definite rupture of the union which has existed between Sweden and Norway for nearly a hundred years and the overthrow of King Oscar. Enigmatic as the situation is, unqualified sympathy will be accorded to the veteran representative of the house of Bernadotte, who has lived to see the closing years of his reign darkened by this grievous trouble. Real sympathy has never existed between the strangely different peoples who inhabit these two neighbour States. Norway has always chafed under the yoke, and now she declares that she is strong enough to stand alone.

Walnut for Firewood.

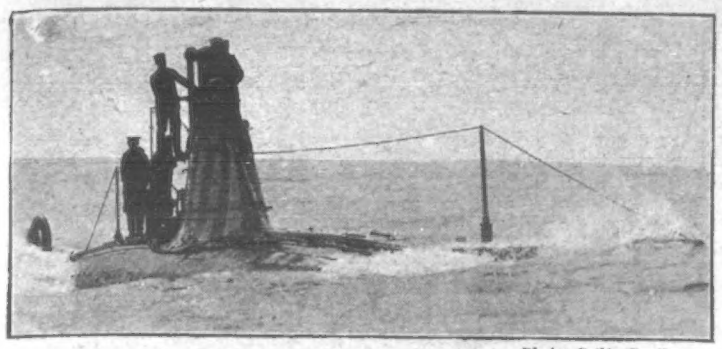
Mr. Luther Burbank, of San Francisco, by crossing different varieties of walnut trees, including the common English one, has produced a tree which grows more quickly than any known kind. Mr. Burbank says this will permit the use of walnut as firewood, although walnut now sells at from £50 to £100 a thousand feet.

The New Speaker.

Mr. J. W. Lowther is to be the new Speaker of the House of Commons. Writing in *M.A.P.* of his qualifications for the post, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., says: "He has served a good long apprenticeship as Chairman of Committees, and has proved himself the possessor of many of the special qualities required for the position of Speaker. Mr. Lowther has admirable command of temper; I don't know that I ever saw a man in his position show the quality in a more distinct and emphatic manner. I have seen him go through very stormy scenes quite undisturbed. In short, no man is a better representative of that British phlegm which has passed into a byword. He has also a ready mind, and though he has not always given the decisions which pleased everybody—no man can do it amid the conflicting passions and momentous interests of the House of Commons—he has rarely excited any animosity. Personally Mr. Lowther is an amiable, kindly, tolerant man, a Progressive Conservative, with no very violent prejudices, and with that general moderation of judgment which enables him to be easily fair, even to opponents."

The Garden of Life.

A pleasant little story, worth repeating, concerning the late Joseph Jefferson is told in the New York *Outlook*. A few months before his death he advised a friend, as soon as he was past seventy, to cultivate a garden. "The saddest thing in old age," he said, with a smile, "is the absence of expectation. You no longer look forward to things. Now, a garden is all expectation; therefore, I have become a devoted gardener." Jefferson was a rare artist in life as well as on the stage.



Photo, Cribb, Southsea.

THE SUBMARINE DISASTER: A submarine vessel of the same class as A8 going at 11 knots an hour above water.

The Submarine Disaster.

Another lamentable disaster, in which fifteen men were drowned, has befallen the British submarine flotilla. The A8, a sister vessel to the A1, of tragic memory, sank off Plymouth Harbour, with her hatches open, after an explosion had been heard. Four men who were on the back of the boat escaped. The remainder, a crew of fifteen, went down with the vessel, and must have been drowned at once. Divers went out, but they were driven away by another explosion, which rent the submarine while she was lying at the bottom. The disaster, like that at Queenstown, seems to be due to the deadly gasolene used. The *Daily Chronicle* correspondent, in the course of his narrative, says: From one of the survivors I have received the following curious and pathetic story of the disaster. "It was," said the narrator, "the white mice that gave the first warning." "The white mice?" "Yes," said my informant. "There was a cageful on board. Every submarine has a cage of white mice, and they are even, I believe, rated on the ship's books." "What is the object?" "Well, I believe it was the inventor of the Holland submarine who first thought of introducing them. His idea was that these little creatures being very susceptible to any atmospheric changes at once give warning of any escape of gas by squeaking. I believe the experiment was proved to be correct, and it was the squeaking of the white mice on No. A8 which first warned the officers and crew that something was wrong, and enabled them to send their notification to shore." The scene of the catastrophe is a spot in Cawsand Bay, about midway between the breakwater lighthouse and Penlee Point, and not above half a league from the green slopes of Mount Edgcumbe. In compliance with a signal from the cruiser *Forth*, the parent ship to the Devonport submarine flotilla, two boats, A7 and A8, got under way, and proceeded out of the Hamoaze for tactical exercises. The first-class torpedo-boat No. 80 was detailed to act as guide ship. The trio of craft formed into line ahead, each unit a cable's length apart. The torpedo-boat led, No. A7 followed, and No. A8 brought up the wake. The two submarines were running light, as it is technically termed—that is, they were in buoyant trim, with the one hatch in the top of the conning tower, which forms the sole means of ingress and egress, lying open. The disaster happened with appalling swiftness, while those on board the guide-boat rubbed their eyes and looked on aghast. The dancing, grey tide soon closed over the unfortunate boat, and she had gone to her grave in eleven fathoms of water. With all possible dispatch the torpedo-boat shifted her helm, and swept round to seek for any traces of her vanished consort, but, travelling at eleven knots, she had to make a wide detour before reaching the spot, and meanwhile a trawler that was reaching in for Plymouth lowered a boat and picked up the four men, two of them officers, who had floated off the deck into the smother of foam eddying over the foundered submarine. These four men were borne up the harbour to the parent ship *Forth*, in which vessel they remained throughout the day, shivering and prostrated by the terrible shock. This is the fourth serious accident to a British submarine since these vessels were adopted by the Navy four years ago:

1903.—February 12. — A1. Gasolene explosion, injuring seven men.

1904.—March 18. — A1. Sunk by a liner, and all hands drowned.

1905.—February 16. — A5. Gasolene explosion. Six killed; all the rest injured.

1905.—June 8.—A8. Sunk by explosion. Fifteen drowned; four saved.

Photo, Russell.

The Submarine A8 Disaster: Lieut. A. H. C. Candy, commander of the unfortunate vessel.

Daily Sea Trips.

The New Palace Steamers Ltd. have commenced their daily sea trips to Southend, Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Dover, by the palatial boats *Royal Sovereign* and *Kohinoor*.

Risen from the Loom.

How a worker may rise from the loom to an important professorship of science is instanced in the case of Dr. J. E. Duerden, who is just appointed to the chair of zoology at the Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, Cape Colony. The position also carries with it the charge of the zoological section of Albany Museum. Dr. Duerden was formerly a factory operative at Burnley, where he won the first Mechanics' Institution scholarship. After this he was educated at the Royal College of Science and Royal School of Mines, London. In 1890 he received the Associateship of the College in Zoology, and afterwards the post of demonstrator in biology at the Royal College of Science, Dublin, where, under Prof. Haddon, he obtained experience in teaching, lecturing, and conducting the zoological department. An appointment as curator of a museum in Jamaica enabled him to make close acquaintance with tropical animal and plant life. There he carried on much research work, especially on corals and actinians, and entomological investigations for the Government agricultural department. His next field of labour was at the John Hopkins University, Baltimore, where he gained experience of American methods, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1900. Previous to his present appointment, he had been for two years assistant professor of zoology at the University of Michigan. His services had been recognised by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, on whose behalf he had visited British and European museums, and he had carried out an expedition to the Hawaiian Islands for studying the Pacific corals. His zoological researches were further recognised by his appointment in 1903 as hon. curator in the department of invertebrate zoology at the American Museum of Natural History.

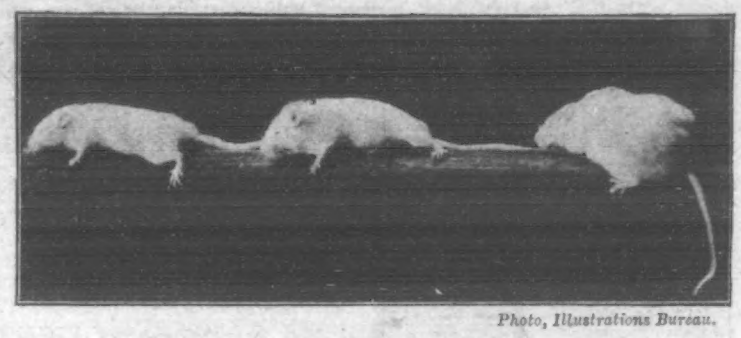
Seeing Only in the Dark.

Travelling in South-Western Brazil, Dr. Manuel Iglasias, the Portuguese explorer, has discovered a village, says the Chicago *Tribune* peopled entirely by "nyctalopes," or persons who can see only during the darkness. The settlement is situated in the dense forests between the Purus and Jurna rivers and had never previously been visited by a white man. The natives sleep all day, the men hunting and fishing at night, while the women weave baskets of grass and make garments with clumsy thorn needles in complete darkness. During the daytime they are totally blind.

Photo, Cribb, Southsea.

THE SUBMARINE DISASTER.

Putting the helmet on a diver before searching for the sunken vessel. The spot where the submarine went down is marked by a buoy at the extreme right of the picture.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE SUBMARINE DISASTER: The white mice which gave the first warning of the impending catastrophe.

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adventure not without its humorous side was one I had with a giraffe. I was leading him in the neighbourhood of Suez when he ran away. Now, foolishly I had the lead tightly wrapped round my hand, and I could not disentangle it. Off he went, and, willy-nilly, I had to follow, half running, half dragged. Now I would and rolled over absolutely "done," never expecting to see my giraffe again. But he only trotted on some twenty or thirty yards and then stopped, and, as I lay there, I saw a little nigger-boy appear from nowhere, go up to the giraffe, take hold of the lead, and coolly tie him to a telegraph-pole. It was rather humiliating for a professional animal-trainer, but it taught me always when leading animals to keep my hands free.

Actress's Motor-Barge.

An American actress, Miss Lottie Williams, has struck a novel idea for a motor-boat. She has hired a roomy canal barge, which she is having fitted up in a most comfortable style. By a simple but ingenious device a motor-car can be run on board into such a position that the running gear of the machine can be disconnected, and the engine attached to a tail-shaft carrying a propeller. The speed of the vessel, according to the *Motor Boat*, which tells the story, will be about eight miles an hour.

The Music of the Forge.

There are not many persons who could be induced to believe that harmony can be found in a blacksmith's forge, yet music can be found there, according to a story told by Sir Frederick Bridge at the City of London School. Sir Frederick said that J. Davey, the composer of "The Bay of Biscay," lived near a smithy. The blacksmith missed a number of horseshoes, and found them suspended by a string from the ceiling of Davey's room. The composer had managed to make a complete octave of tones given out by the iron horseshoes.

Photo, Campbell Gray.

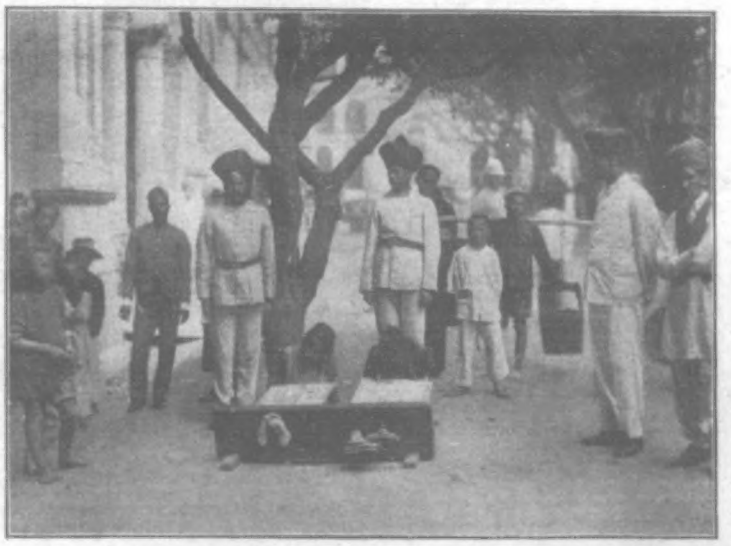
COLONEL HARRISON'S CENTRAL AFRICAN PYGMIES, photographed by flashlight at the London Hippodrome. The little folk were tremendously alarmed when the picture was taken, and it would be very dangerous to make a second attempt.

Rescued by Evicted Tenants.

Practically all the tenants on Dursey Island, Cork, are under notice of eviction, and the island is occupied by a force of twenty police. As the police boat was returning after a visit to the mainland for supplies the heavy sea running in the narrow but dangerous sound swept the boat on to the rocks. The islanders, however, attracted by the shouts for assistance, rendered timely aid, and with their active help the distressed crew were safely landed.

Two Narrow Squeaks.

One of the nastiest adventures I ever had was when an alligator with a flick of his tail sent me spinning into a tank containing over a dozen of his brethren, writes Carl Hagenbeck in the Holiday Number of *Pearson's Weekly*. I did not lose my presence of mind—the animal-trainer who does is short-lived—and the moment I landed in the tank I made a wild jump and was out again before the alligators had recovered from their surprise. It was a particularly horrible experience, for, as I hurtled through the air, I remembered that if one of the brutes got hold of me the rest would join in, and I should be slowly torn in pieces, that being their "pretty little way." An



A UNIQUE SNAPSHOT, SENT BY A COLONIAL "P.I.P." READER: Chinese in the stocks outside a hotel in Hong Kong.

From a snapshot by a Lady Reader.

AN OMNIBUS SMASH: The electric cars at North Finchley celebrated their first day's journey by smashing into an omnibus.

The March of the Leicester Unemployed.

The army of the Leicester unemployed reached London on Saturday last. Just before we marched into St. Albans (says the special correspondent of the *Expr ss*) there was a somewhat startling illustration of how the present army system goes to swell the ranks of the unemployed. To better ensure the good order and good marching of the Leicester "Coxey" army, it was suggested that all old soldiers should take the foremost rank. It was then discovered that out of the 440 men, which is now the strength of this little band from Leicester, no fewer than 140 had worn the King's uniform, most of them in South Africa. At first, owing to the lack of men used to giving commands, there was some confusion in this change of the order of the regiment, but Mr. Donaldson, the Socialistic parson, who still tramps pluckily along with the men, shouted: "Is there no corporal among you who can take charge?" Instantly a man stepped out of the ranks and saluted. This was Corporal Clayton, on whose rather tattered waistcost were pinned two medal ribbons, with which go five clasps; but, the old spirit of discipline standing good, he gave way to Sergeant Hervey, late of the 2nd Durham Light Infantry, who in South Africa had won two medals and seven clasps. As the men march they sing a song, of which the following is a verse:

March on, ye men of Leicester,
Unemployed though ye may be,
Dark is the cloud, but a silver lining gleams
For stout hearts such as thee.

One thing stands out plainly in this, the latest march of the unemployed—the Leicester men are as well-behaved and orderly a crowd as one could wish to see. Under the guidance of their Socialistic chaplain, the Rev. F. L. Donaldson, these rough, toil-worn, hungry-looking men have twice a day attended and entered into with the greatest reverence the religious services which have been held at their stopping-places. They have not been feasted and petted as were the men from Raunds. The food that they have had has been only just sufficient for their needs. They have slept on straw, and tramped uncomp'ainingly through mud and rain.

A Curious Collection.

Mr. John William Walker, an eccentric Blackpool resident, who has just died, made a hobby of collecting pipes and musical instruments. He had over 100 pipes and many curious musical instruments, none of which he could play. When he wanted to hear them he paid a musician to play them for him. He claimed to possess the largest saxophone ever made. It was 5ft. 6in. long.

Knocking the Omnibus off the Road.

A lady reader writes:—"This is what literally occurred on June 10 at North Finchley, when one of the County Council's new electric tramcars, which had started running that day, celebrated its advent by triumphantly dashing into an omnibus. The accompanying photograph shows the injured 'bus retiring gracefully. One cannot help regarding this incident as very ominous for the future of the omnibus!"

Rapid Feats by Pen and Brush.

The genius who is assisted by inspiration is capable of some feats in rapidity of production that the ordinary individual is unable to perform, even when time is no object. Lord Tennyson, for example, is reported to have told a friend he wrote "Crossing the Bar" in ten minutes. Sir F. C. Burnand is believed to have written his famous burlesque of "Diplomacy" in five hours. Captain Basil Hood, when interviewed some few months ago, put on record the fact that the playlet, "Ib and Little Christina" was the work of three hours. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon is credited with having completed his famous Academy portrait of Mr. Zangwill in five hours, and Sir Arthur Sullivan, who composed and scored the elaborate overture to "The Yeoman of the Guard" in twelve hours, is said to have performed a like feat for "Iolanthe" by ten consecutive hours of strenuous toil.

Quick Work.

Writing on the celerity with which difficult pieces of work have been accomplished within recent years, a contributor to the "Detroit Tribune" mentions that in 1891 the Great Eastern Railway Company turned out an engine in nine hours forty-seven minutes, and set up a seemingly unapproachable record. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company moved a structure 906ft. long, crossing a river and a canal, on to new abutments in the brief time of eight and a half minutes. The actual time taken for the removal of the bridge, weighing 2400 tons, was only 103 seconds, the balance of the time being occupied in removing the bolts and making the disconnections at the ends when the bridge was in its new position. The Midland Railway Company, not long since, removed a bridge near Attercliffe Road Station, Sheffield, and substituted a steel structure in five hours ten minutes, while a 420-ton bridge on the London, Tilbury, and Southend line was last summer placed in position between 12.40 on the Saturday night and 10.30 on the Sunday morning, notwithstanding the fact that the old bridge was not got out of the way before 4 a.m., and the new bridge had to travel 30ft. The West London Extension Railway Company succeeded in moving an old 50-ton bridge in the neighbourhood of Battersea Station, in 1902, and substituting a new structure of double the weight in forty-two minutes. A Ballarat butcher backed himself, in 1900, for £10 to place chops on a gridiron in ten minutes from the time he took the sheep in hand to shear, kill, and dress it. He won. Stanley Warth, a foreman butcher of Ipswich, in 1900 performed the remarkable feat of dressing a bullock and a sheep and running a mile all within half an hour. Sir John Throgmorton, in 1811, made a bet of £1000 that at eight o'clock on a certain evening he would sit down to dine in a suit the wool of which had been shorn the same morning. It is now a matter of history that the various processes were completed in thirteen hours, and that Sir John won the wager with an hour to spare. That modern methods have improved upon those of almost a hundred years ago was made clear a few years ago, when Americans accomplished the same feat in the marvellous time of six hours and four minutes. Of course, there is the danger of being in too great a hurry. Some few weeks ago, in the course of legal proceedings instituted at New York, it was stated that a man met a girl at a theatre for the first time during the performance of *The Forlorn Hope*, and during the third act he proposed to her, and actually married her the same evening. The sequel to this smart piece of work was that the bridegroom found that the lady already possessed a husband who was living, and he lost no time in procuring a divorce.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE LEICESTER UNEMPLOYED: The Rev. F. L. Donaldson, who accompanied the men on their great march to London.

A Missionary Oak.

In Stoke Park, near Guildford, is an oak tree which has a world-wide interest. Regularly once a year a missionary meeting is held beneath its branches, when people who have a desire for work in the mission fields are invited to step forward. The annual gathering has just been held, when sixteen young men and women rose from their seats as the sign of their intention to undertake missionary work. The result is that in almost every portion of the globe there are men and women who look upon the tree as the scene of the turning point in their lives.

Photo, C. H. Park.

THE LEICESTER UNEMPLOYED: The procession starting from the Market Square on its march to London.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE LEICESTER UNEMPLOYED: Marching through Barton Cutting on the road to London.

Teaching Animals by the Voice.

The training of any animal, be it horse, dog, or one of the wilder species, writes Mlle. Recsey (the famous equestrienne) in this week's *Smith's Weekly*, cannot be commenced too early. The younger the animal the easier it is to accustom it to the sound of your voice. Teaching by the voice is my only method: the whip, which forms so large a part of an animal's education with, unfortunately, many a trainer, is a thing I never use. Very rarely have my horses or dogs had a stroke of a whip from me. A successful animal-trainer is, like the poet, born, not made. He must possess a love for and sympathy with those he intends to train, and he should have been associated with animals all his life, so as to have acquired some knowledge of their nature and habits. Once you gain the love and confidence of a dog you can make it do almost anything that you wish. No creature is more anxious to please his owner than a dog, and failure to do as he is told is often a far greater disappointment to the dog than to his master.

Sultan's Canine Bodyguard.

The Sultan of Turkey is to have a bodyguard of dogs. He has lost faith in men and women, who conspire against him. A pack of man-tracking dogs has been ordered from Major Richardson, the famous breeder, Panbride, Forfarshire, for service at the Royal Palace at Constantinople, and, when occasion requires, to track criminals. The animals are said to be not bloodhounds, but a breed which is able to hunt without a trail.

The Albert Medal.

The *London Gazette* of last evening states that the King has been pleased to amend the Royal warrants relating to the Albert Medal awarded for gallantry in saving life at sea and for gallantry in saving life on land. Hitherto it was provided that the medal for gallantry on land should only be awarded for acts performed "within our dominions," but this ordinance is now abolished, and the decoration will hereafter be awarded for gallantry in saving life on land irrespective of place.

Lord Wolseley's Birthday.

Lord Wolseley's friends, and they are legion, have been congratulating him on the attainment of his seventy-second birthday. Few men have had a more exciting career than "Sir Garnet," as he was so long known. He has been shipwrecked in the Straits of Malacca among the sharks, and lived for ten days on an inhospitable coast with no better fare than an occasional fish of weird appearance and worse flavour. He has been more than once in a fire so fierce that he has come out of it with a coat full of bullet holes. Statesman as well as soldier, he has thrice been thanked by Parliament, and enjoys the honour of being one of the only three men who were ever toasted by Queen Victoria. This was at Balmoral, after his return from Egypt, when Her Majesty congratulated him on his "glorious and well-deserved success."

Kisses and "Human Nature."

Mr. G. P. Wood, a Worksop hotel manager, was granted a decree nisi because of his wife's misconduct with Mr. A. E. Chamberlain, a grocer living in the same town. Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane, in giving his decision, said there was a close friendship between the two families, and Mr. Wood entertained no suspicion of anything wrong until he found Mr. Chamberlain and his wife locked in the sitting-room. That fact alone might not lead to the conclusion that there was anything wrong, but the case was different when it was remembered that not long before Mr. Chamberlain had kissed Mrs. Wood in the bar. She said she was indignant at the kissing, but was it possible to believe that if she objected she would soon after allow herself to be locked in a room with the man? It was only human nature to suppose that whenever opportunity occurred she would allow him to kiss her again.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE LEICESTER UNEMPLOYED: A snapshot of the men as they passed through the streets of London.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE KING OF SPAIN'S RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND: King Alfonso on his way home from the Guildhall.

The Romance of the Guildhall.

The Guildhall, where the King of Spain was entertained to luncheon last week, has a story which, fully told, would make a by no means inadequate history of England of the last 900 years. The present is the third building, and was erected in 1411. Its walls survived the Great Fire. Within them a usurper has been proclaimed King, Protestants have been tried for heresy, and Roman Catholics for their faith. Here it was that Garnet, Superior of the Jesuits in England, was tried for his share in the Gunpowder Plot; here that Archbishop Cranmer and Lady Jane Grey and her husband were tried. It still contains many treasures, says a writer in the *Evening News*. There would have been more—and these would have appealed to the King of Spain—but with the Reformation came the destruction of everything in the way of statuary, paintings, stained-glass windows, and so forth, which could be in any way associated with Popery. The "No Popery" cry came later; they acted it at the Reformation. To what curious extremes mob law will carry! In the name of Christianity these zealots destroyed carvings and statues, then set up the graven images of heathen gods and goddesses. The destructive part of the programme, if not the constructive, had the sanction of Parliament. For there still stands the records: "Ordered that all such pictures . . . as have the representation of the second Person in the Trinity upon them shall be forthwith destroyed"; and again: "Ordered that all such pictures as have the representation of the Virgin upon them shall be forthwith burnt." Still, the Guildhall stands where it did, and will stand. The grand old crypt beneath it is of Purbeck marble, and those who have not visited it may guess its size from the fact that in the eighteenth century the London Welsh were allowed to use it as a market for their native wares.

Crown Prince Married.

The wedding of the Crown Prince of Germany and the Duchess Cecilie of Mecklenburg-Schwerin took place on June 6 in Berlin. Late in the evening the young couple left for Hubertustock, where the honeymoon will be spent amid surroundings that are simple almost to primitiveness.

Should Schoolboys Fight?

In view of the recent correspondence in the Press on "Should Boys Fight?" the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* has obtained the opinions of the leading headmasters on the subject. These opinions, together with the autographs of the writers, appear in the Holiday Number of that paper. Dr. Warre, who for twenty-one years was headmaster at Eton, is of opinion that boys should fight whenever they ought to do so, and this opinion is shared by Dr. Joseph Wood, the headmaster of Harrow. Dr. Spencer, the headmaster of University College School, has drawn up a code of rules under which fights may take place. He regards fighting as an unfortunate necessity. Dr. Gow, headmaster of Westminster, while of opinion that boys ought not to fight as a rule, admits that there are occasions when it would be right, while the Rev. R. Waterfield, Principal of Cheltenham College, is very strongly against fighting. In his own words, "The deliberate advocacy of fighting amongst boys at school as a general practice is low and disgraceful."

The Earnings of Doctors.

The financial position of the medical profession is everywhere unsatisfactory, the *British Medical Journal* maintains. In most European countries a practitioner appears to be fairly well-off if his professional earnings amount to £250 or £300 a year. In Austria such an income means a good, easy life, free from financial cares. In Hungary £200 to £300 a year is sufficient to enable a country doctor to lead a tolerably comfortable life and to save something for old age. In Holland £250 to £350 is said to be a fair estimate for the general practitioner. In Denmark the average practitioner is better off, his annual earnings being estimated at £300 to £600. In Belgium the earnings of country doctors range from £80 to £400 a year. In Germany the average professional income may perhaps be estimated from the following particulars as to practitioners in the Prussian capital: Of the 2,060 medical practitioners in Berlin, 54 earn from £45 to £52 a year; 261 from £52 to £105; and 206 from £105 to £150. Of practitioners earning from £150 to £250 there are 286, but two-thirds of these have an average income of £210. In the case of 994 practitioners the income exceeds £250. In Italy the earnings of most of the large class of *medici condotti*, or poor-law medical officers, who are not allowed private practice, is £100 a year or even less. In Portugal the general practitioner both in town and country is passing rich on £200 a year. The lowest depth appears to be reached in Spain, where incomes of £40, £60, and £80 are common. Of the 1,000 doctors practising in Madrid 800 find it difficult to live.

A Street Seller's Legacy.

For thirty years John Cooke ("Blind John") tramped the streets of Farnworth, near Bolton, selling newspapers. He died the other day, and left a legacy of £20 towards the building fund of the Farnworth Parish Church new schools.

Wealth in Ice-Cream.

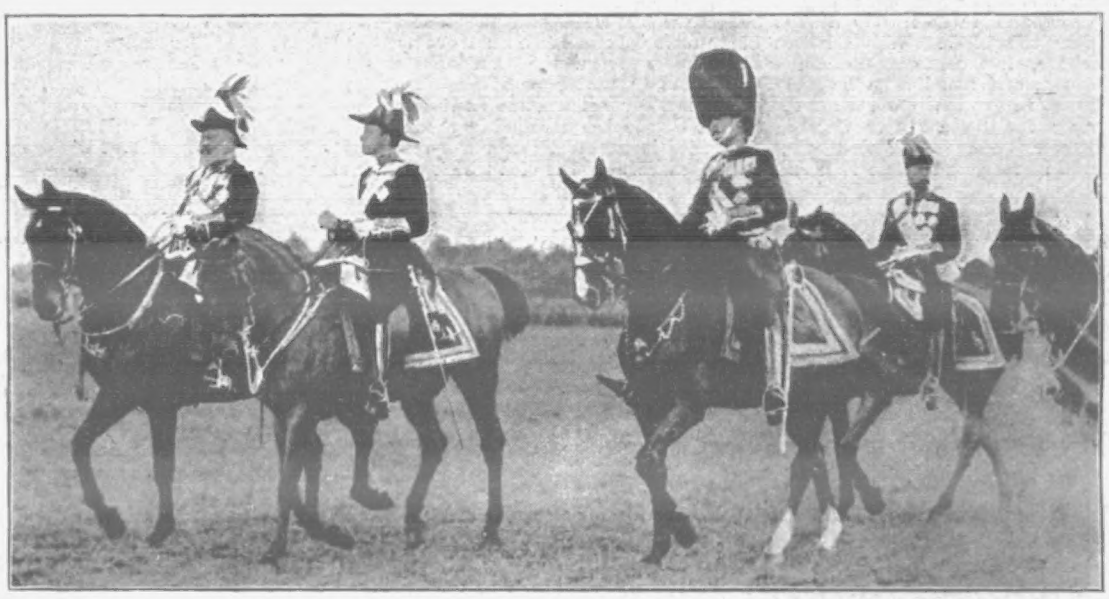
There is keener competition among the pushful aliens who monopolise the ice-cream trade than one would imagine, and, strangely enough, the profits of the germ-laden delicacy which is dispensed from the itinerant vendor's barrow are correspondingly large. Nearly £1,000 was realised at Blackpool for stall licences, which were put up at auction by the Corporation. So eager were some of the Italian bidders to secure good positions that in some cases they offered £40 per stall more than local dealers. Ice-cream stalls nearest the promenade realised from £50 to £162, nearly all going to foreigners. At Scarborough the Italians have formed a ring, and the Corporation have accepted their offer of £60 for stalls which last year cost them £120.

The Zoo's Latest.

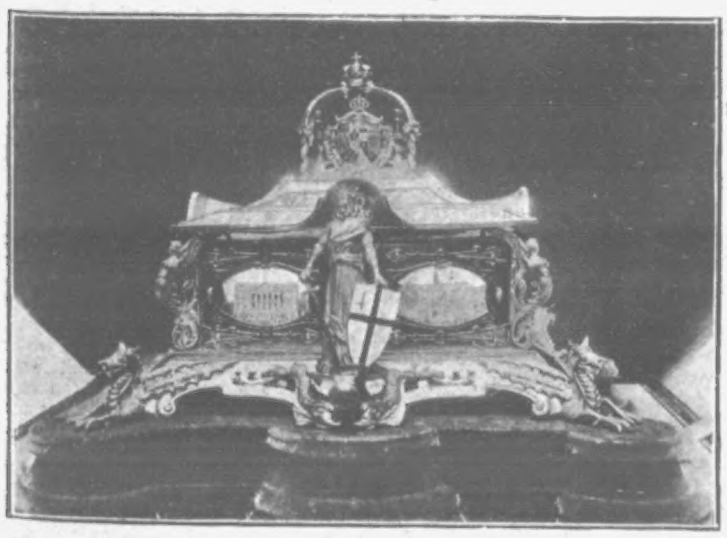
One of the latest arrivals at the Zoo is the Gila Monster from Arizona. It is a large lizard, of an orange and black colour. It never enters water, and is of nocturnal habits. This lizard and its relation, the Mexican Heloderm, are the only two that are furnished with poisonous fangs, and their bite is fatal to many small animals, having the effect of paralysing them, like that of a venomous serpent.

London's Oldest Bell-Ringer.

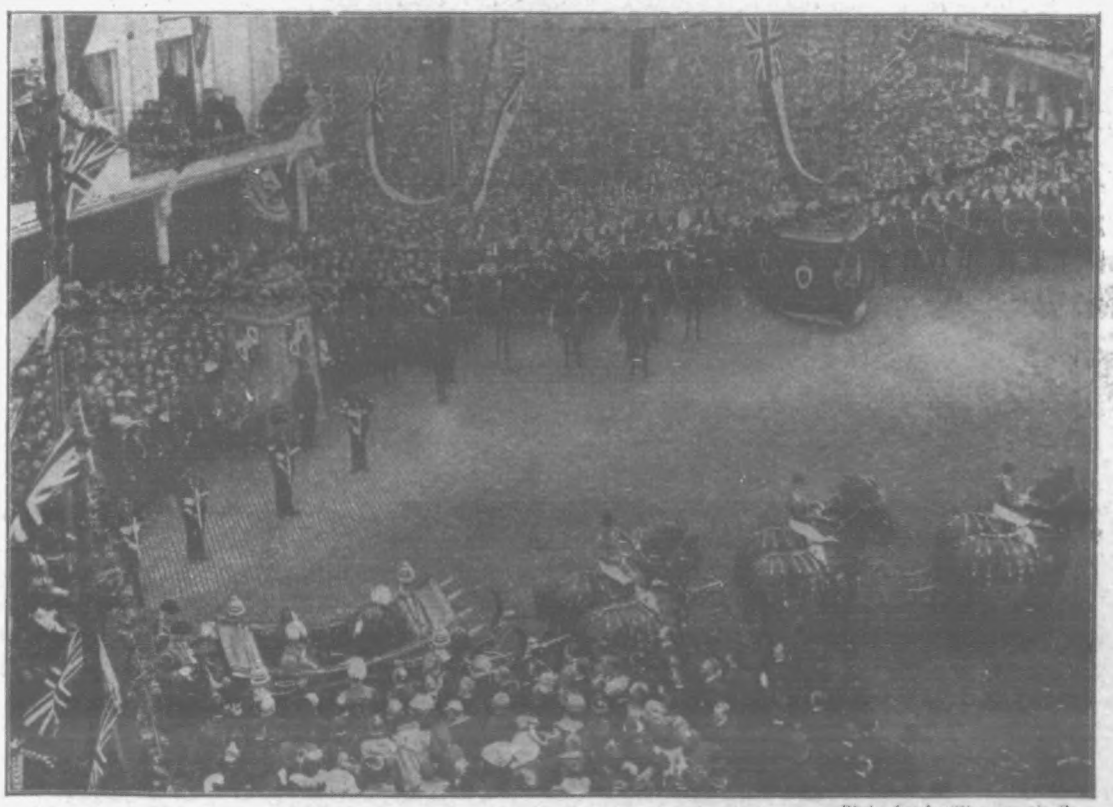
Of the many friends which the Printers' Pension Corporation possesses, one of the staunchest is Mr. James Haworth, who has the distinction of being the oldest bell-ringer in London. At first sight it seems strange that Mr. Haworth should take so much interest in the Printers' Pension Corporation. The explanation is a simple one. For some years in his boyhood he was apprenticed to the printing trade, and this brought him in contact with the work of this institution, which encourages thrift amongst printers and helps them in their old age. Mr. Haworth has held his present position for the last eight or ten years. He is eighty-four years of age, and learnt bell-ringing when a mere boy, afterwards mastering the more difficult art of change ringing. On Thursday last he was one of the band of ringers who pealed forth a welcome to King Alfonso from the belfry of St. Lawrence Jewry. Bell-ringing, he informed one of our representatives, is by no means a decaying art. Some of the old established bell foundries are as prosperous as ever they were. In Ireland and Scotland particularly many new belfries have been fitted within the last few years. Although proficiency is only obtained after constant practice, there are plenty of men willing to learn. There is an element of risk which possibly appeals to some. On one occasion, when Mr. Haworth was at Westminster Abbey, a ringer from the country came into the room, and was asked if he would like to have a pull. He eagerly accepted, and vigorously commenced to pull. The momentum so suddenly set up caused the bell to break its stay, and the rope carried the man up. Had he not acted instantly on the advice of the others to "let go," the top of his skull would have been fractured against the ceiling. Mr. Haworth considers his most noteworthy achievement to be his part in the performance of ringing 8,580 Stedman Cinques at St. Michael's, Cornhill. On that occasion he manipulated his rope for about eight hours without an interval or a mistake. He rang at the Accession of Queen Victoria, and at every important Royal anniversary or ceremony since.



THE KING OF SPAIN'S RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND: King Alfonso riding beside our monarch at the review at Aldershot.



THE KING OF SPAIN'S RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND: The handsome casket presented to the young King by the City of London.



Photo, London Stereoscopic Co.

THE KING OF SPAIN'S RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND: King Alfonso at Oxford Circus, where he was presented with addresses from the Councils of Westminster, Marylebone, and Holborn.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

Royal Counties Show at Bournemouth.

The annual show of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society was held at Bournemouth last week. The total entries were 1,747, compared with 1,929 at Guildford last year, while the space claimed for the exhibition of machinery, agricultural implements, &c., was 119,000 sq. ft., a marked increase on last year. The King was a very successful exhibitor in the cattle department, obtaining four firsts and two seconds for Herefords, and one first for Devons. The champion prize for the best bull in the shorthorn classes was awarded to Mr. J. Deane Willis, of Codford, Wiltshire. Viscount Portman won the championship piece of plate presented by the King for the best Devon in the show, and for the Aberdeen Angus breed the championship went to Mr. J. Cridlan, of Gloucester. The Earl of Derby and Lord Tenterden were prominent winners in the Sussex classes. Mrs. C. Macintosh, of Romford, obtained the Jersey breed championship, while Lord Rothschild and Baroness de Rothschild secured first prizes. Guernseys were shown to advantage, Mr. J. W. Martell, of Guernsey, receiving the champion award, and Lady Tichborne and Mr. E. A. Hambro, of Dorchester sharing most of the other leading awards. Lady Grenall was a successful exhibitor of Kerrites, taking the silver challenge shield for Dexter Kerrites. The challenge shield went to Mr. G. J. D. Chetwynd, of Doncaster, and the Duchess of Devonshire also won prizes. The champion agricultural horse prize was awarded to Mr. Leopold Salomon's grand stallion, and Sir A. Henderson, Bart., M.P., won the champion prize for mare or filly. The sheep classes were well filled, and the King's champion piece of plate was secured by Sir W. G. Pearce, Bart. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Duke of Northumberland won several prizes in the Southdown classes.

An Intelligent Hare.

Lovers of animals will be interested in an incident observed near Pontefract. A terrier saw a young hare and chased it down a carriage road. An old hare, probably its mother, thereupon followed the dog. The latter discovered that something was running behind him, and, turning, he pursued the old hare, which soon outdistanced him. The young hare, meanwhile, escaped.

On Hereford Cattle.

No British breed of cattle is more appreciated by Colonial stock farmers than the white-faced Hereford, and every season buyers from all parts of the globe, but especially from the two continents of America, come to England in order to secure beef-producing Herefords, to cross with the native ranch cattle and farms. This great augmentation in the foreign trade is not to be wondered at, and the marvel is that it has been so long coming, for every traveller conversant with the various breeds of cattle must be aware that Herefords are specially adapted for certain countries where grass is abundant, such as the rich pampas of the Argentine and Banda Oriental Republics, the plains of Texas, and the prairies in Canada on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Possessing a placid disposition, robust constitution, and an aptitude to accumulate more flesh on less food and at a smaller cost than the other large breeds of the cattle kingdom, it is by no means surprising to find Herefords thoroughly appreciated by graziers, whilst butchers have long been of one accord as to the quality of their meat and the suitability of the breed for slaughtering purposes. When, therefore, in addition to the above advantages Herefords can also be said to possess the qualities of great substance, little waste, and early maturity, it can readily be understood why they have been purchased so extensively by our American cousins, or are in so much request in the Antipodes and South America.

Motor-cars v. Horses.

The relative stopping powers of motor-cars and horse-drawn vehicles were amply tested at the Crystal Palace last week when a series of tests unquestionably proved the superiority of the former, to the great satisfaction of the large number of motorists present. The stopping powers in the high speeds were the more important features of the event from the public point of view. The chief of these was the contest between a 90-h.p. Napier racing car and a racing "buggy," driven by Mr. W. Bishop, of the Coliseum. The car stopped at a speed of twenty miles an hour 26ft. 6in. from the line, but the trotter could not pull up under 43ft. 6in.

Rational Feeding of Poultry.

Green food at midday must always be provided by suburban poultry keepers, and, in fact, may always be before the birds. Waste leaves of cabbage, lettuce, cauliflowers, and so forth can usually be had almost galore in towns from the 'green-grocer for the asking. Care must, however, be exercised that what is given is fresh, and where it is necessary to economise green stuff it is best to cut it small and serve in troughs. All vegetable matters ought to be removed from the runs every evening, and what is fit put in the pot, and what is not into the ash-bin. Decaying vegetable matter is particularly offensive. A box of dry earth mixed with fine ashes gathered from the hearths should be placed in a sunny corner of the covered run as a dust-bath for the hens. A hopper filled with sharp grit, oyster-shell, or other shell-forming material, and charcoal must be provided, as fowls kept in close confinement have no means whereby they can obtain such for themselves. Egg-shells dried in the oven and crushed small are most valuable when mixed with grit. Pure clean water ought always to be within reach, and it is desirable that it be in fountains which cannot be overturned or rendered foul by the birds scratching dirt into them. Fountains should be frequently cleaned. Scrupulous cleanliness must be observed, and punctuality be observed in all things—the hen-house cleaned out regularly, the shed raked over every day, all loose feathers and any offensive matter removed. Runs must be dug up occasionally, and the earth entirely replaced every second year. This can be done by digging out the run to a depth of a foot or more, removing the soiled earth to some part of the garden, and replacing it by fresh earth. The earth removed from the run will be found excellent for growing purposes.

Railway for Fruit-Growers.

The Light Railway Commissioners have sanctioned the construction of a railway between Maidstone and Headcorn, a distance of twelve miles. This line will open up one of the most valuable fruit districts of the country.

The Norwich Canary.

There are many varieties of the Norwich canary, says a writer in the *Garden Home*—and all are attractive on account of the symmetry of their form and general comeliness. They have an air of sleek comfort about their build and carriage which captivates the eye, and their singing powers, if devoloped under a good tutor, are no less charming to the ear. Presumably they are descended from German ancestry. It is said that the canary is reputed to have been brought into Norfolk in large numbers by the refugees from the Continent who settled in that part of East Anglia some 500 years ago, and doubtless the art of the breeder during these centuries is responsible for the superior appearance of the bird which we now know as the Norwich canary over the birds which are still being imported from the German canary-breeding districts. In the case of the German birds, the attention of the breeder has been directed chiefly to the production of an animated musical-box, the charm of which appeals to the ear; whilst the more practical, if less musically artistic, Norfolk breeders have devoted their efforts to cultivate a race of canaries which should at any rate be first of all things of beauty for the eye to feast upon, and have paid little or no heed to the quality of the song which the bird could give out.

Various preparations have been put on the market for colour feeding. Some of the old prescriptions were of a very objectionable character, nauseous and distasteful to the birds, who would not willingly eat them; but colour feeding, as usually practised at the present day, is a very harmless thing. The active properties of the colouring material do not seem in any way to prejudice the health of the birds, who eat up their rations with avidity, and, when judiciously used, no exception can now be taken to the materials employed.

Milk-Borne Disease.

The dangers of "milk-borne disease" were dwelt upon by Dr. G. Newman, medical officer of health for Finsbury, in a lecture at the Royal Institute of Health. Special attention was called to tuberculosis. It was now an established fact, the lecturer said, that bovine and human tuberculosis was intercommunicable. It was, therefore, far from pleasant to be reminded that from 20 to 30 per cent. of all milch cows were suffering from generalised tuberculosis, and about 10 per cent. of cows stabled in large towns such as London and Manchester. One of the characteristic features of milk-borne disease was that it attacked persons in a better social position, who not only consumed more milk, but allowed it more opportunities for becoming infected.

The Loss of Feathers in Fowls.

If the loss of feathers is not due to over-attention from the male bird, it is most likely the result of some parasitic insect burrowing into the skin of the fowl and rendering it unhealthy and unfit to support the natural growth of feather. There are various forms of skin disease due to parasites, and they are best treated by giving the affected fowl cooling medicine, and paying special attention to its diet. Feed the birds on grain only, a mixture of small wheat and best oats. Abundance of succulent food, such as sods of grass with plenty of mould, weeds from the garden, and, in fact, any green stuff pulled from the earth and given in a fresh state will be found extremely beneficial. "Nettle tea" may be put into the drinking vessel in place of water for the time being; or as a blood cooler you could give each bird a pellet of bread in the centre of which a pinch of flowers of sulphur has been placed. The bare places on the body should be bathed daily with Condy's fluid diluted, a teaspoonful in a quart of water. Care should be taken that the birds' haunts are kept clean. See also that the ends of the roosts and all crevices in the house are saturated with paraffin oil, to dislodge any insects that may be there.

A Willow Dam.

A new way of keeping the Mississippi and other great rivers from washing away their banks has been designed by American engineers, says the *Graphic*. It is called a mattress, because it is actually woven from the branches of willow trees. These mattresses are immense affairs, sometimes being nearly a hundred feet in length and thirty or forty in width. The branches are put on in boats, and when the mattress is finished it is bound around the edge with wire rope, then placed against the water side of the levee, being partly out of the water and partly submerged. It is held in place by covering it with huge stones, and when the work is properly done it offers a barrier which the water cannot break through.

Horticultural Novelties at Botanic Gardens.

In spite of the gloomy weather, the beautiful grounds of the Royal Botanic Society at Regent's Park were thronged with visitors last week at the society's annual great horticultural exhibition. The show contains some delightful novelties in horticulture. The most remarkable display is Messrs. John Waterer's exhibit of flowering rhododendrons, of which over 2,000 plants, comprising about 150 different varieties, are beautifully arranged in a huge triple marquee. Two new rambling roses are shown by Messrs. William Paul, of Waltham Cross. Sweetheart trails white flowers in heavy clusters, and its tiny buds are pink tinted. Rubin holds erect bunches of very large bright crimson blooms. A fine new scarlet carnation—Dr. W. G. Grace—earned an award of merit for its exhibitor, Mr. George Boyes, of Leicester. Messrs. Thomas Ware, of Feltham, displayed a striking new spring flowering astor—Alpinus Magnificus. It is of dwarf growth, and is entirely covered with starry purple blossoms with old-gold centres. A bank of waxen gloxinias of glorious hues shown by Messrs. Peed, of West Norwood, contained three varieties exhibited for the first time. Roupell Gem is white, densely spotted with heliotrope blending into plum. Lord Grantley, the largest and most richly spotted variety yet raised, has pale lobes edged with deep pink, and the throat beautifully veined with delicate pink. Some of the flowers measured 4½in. across. The Countess of Crewe is a pale magenta variety.

Sequel to a Dog Show.

Mr. Herbert Arthur Berkeley Dealtry and his wife Clarice, of Trebarwith Strand, Tintagel, Cornwall, are suing the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Evelyn Ewart, Lady Agnes Mabel Reid, Lady Gooch, and fourteen other ladies to recover £1,080, in connection with two dog shows held at the Aquarium in 1902. The plaintiffs say that their names were merely dummies and that the shows were really held by the Ladies' Kennel Association, which had been refused a licence by the Kennel Club. On the other hand, the defendants contend that the exhibitions were run entirely by their then secretary, Mrs. Stannard Robinson (Mrs. Dealtry's sister), and that the association incurred no responsibility whatever in connection with the shows. The judge, in adjourning the hearing for a fortnight, said that the case contained food for further litigation, and he hoped, in the interests of all parties, that an amicable settlement would be arrived at during the vacation.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE BULLDOG SHOW AT THE ZOO: "Mahomet," the champion of B show, being best of all classes. He is the property of Mr. J. Duncan, of Edinburgh.

SEQUEL TO A DOG SHOW: The Case against the Ladies' Kennel Association. Special "P.I.P." sketches.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION: A remarkable display of flowering rhododendrons by John Waterer, comprising over 2,000 plants and including 150 different varieties.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

The value of cricket form at the present moment can be of very little value owing to the vagaries of the weather. With very few exceptions every match last week was interfered with by rain, and the most important of all—that between the M.C.C. and the Australians—had to be abandoned on Saturday afternoon with only one completed innings between the two sides.

It was most disappointing, for the club had got together a very strong side and one thoroughly capable of testing the merits of the Colonials. Such players as Hon. F. S. Jackson, C. B. Fry, H. K. Foster, Braund, R. H. Spooner, A. C. MacLaren, and P. F. Warner figured in the team, with King and Thompson to add to the list of capable batsmen. The bowling strength was also of a high standard, and everyone looked forward with keen interest to a great match.

The club side had the advantage of first innings, and the wicket, though slow, was not sufficiently bad to account for the poor show of some of the home batsmen. C. B. Fry looked like making a lot of runs, but with his score at 27 he hit a ball from Laver tremendously hard to mid-on, and it looked like going through the pavilion, but Noble took the ball high up with the right hand, and the Sussex crack had to beat a retreat.

The highest innings was that of the Hon. F. S. Jackson, who played superb cricket for his 85. Watching the ball carefully he was content to wait for his opportunities and then he lashed the ball to all parts of the field. Unfortunately, a heavy thunderstorm burst over the ground just after lunch on the last day, and the game had to be abandoned as a draw.

Another match that promised an interesting finish was that between Surrey and Gloucestershire at Kennington Oval. Only four runs separated the sides on the first innings, the advantage being in favour of Surrey. Gloucestershire, did fairly well at the second attempt, considering the assistance the bowlers were receiving from the wicket, and scored 144 runs for the loss of nine batsmen. Board and W. S. A. Brown played very finely, and thanks to their efforts Gloucestershire had a very rosy chance of winning when the rain caused play to be abandoned.

Northamptonshire have scarcely justified their promotion to the ranks of the first-class counties up to the present, and last week they quite failed to make a show against Sussex, and were beaten by an innings and 31 runs. Admitting that they were handicapped by the absence of Thompson, undoubtedly the best all-round player on their side, they should have done better, for Sussex had C. B. Fry away.

For the winners, Killick only just missed the century by two runs, and Relf played in capital form for 75. Vine and Cox, in a lesser degree, also did well with 34 and 42 in the order given. With the exception of C. J. T. Pool (59) and East (44), none of the home batsmen were seen to advantage, and Northamptonshire followed on. They did even worse at the second attempt, and, as I have said, were badly beaten.

As is usual at Whitsuntide all the first-class counties were engaged. The most notable feature of this week has been the reappearance of Victor Trumper in the Australian ranks. He had the misfortune to strain the muscles of his back in the test match at Nottingham. His play is at all times attractive to watch, and he is one of the most prolific scorers on the side.

Leicestershire did very well against the powerful Colonial combination. C. E. de Trafford gave one of his hurricane displays and made 63 out of 69 runs in forty minutes. Whitehead and Victor Crawford also played well for 56 and 52 respectively, and the Midland county are to be congratulated on their excellent performance.

The "battle of the roses," or, in other words, the match between Lancashire and Yorkshire, always ensures a Titanic struggle and causes unbounded interest throughout the two great northern shires. Fully 25,000 spectators assembled at Old Trafford on the first day of the match, and some splendid cricket was witnessed. R. H. Spooner and Tyldesley both scored centuries, and the "red rose" total reached 399 before Yorkshire had a chance with the bat. Despite this big score Schofield Haigh had the excellent bowling figures of six wickets for 74 runs.

Notts and Surrey had their annual meeting at Trent Bridge, and the game aroused the usual local interest. Worcestershire and Warwickshire tried conclusions at Worcester, and, at Brighton, Sussex engaged Gloucestershire, but rain again interfered with the course of the play. The game between Middlesex and Somerset was set apart for the benefit of George Burton, in recognition of twenty-two years' faithful service, but less than two hours' play was possible, and at Leyton there was no play on the first day.

A cricket match with a deserving object is always welcome to a notice from me, and it is with great pleasure that I call attention to a match which will be played on the Fulham Cricket Club's Ground at Shottendane Road, Fulham Road, S.W., on the 26th. It will be between the Fulham C.C. and the London Charity Billiard Handicap Committee, and the proceeds will be divided between Pearson's Fresh Air Fund, Fulham Philanthropic Society, and Peterborough Benevolent Society.

Denton has compiled the biggest individual score that has been made against the Australians up to the present. Possibly he was a bit out of form at Lord's, and did not appear to be quite the player he was last year. He probably just required a bit of luck to put on the top of his game, and, having experienced it, he has shown his appreciation by this last great performance. He must have played as well as he ever did to accomplish such a feat, and has justified what was hoped of him. This score of his should add still further to the trials of the Selection Committee, though it will hardly be possible for them to find room for him just at the present moment.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

With the big holiday meetings of Whit-Monday only two days in advance, very few clubs held meetings last Saturday. In the metropolis, the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers had their annual meeting at the Herne Hill track, the East Greenwich Gas Works employees held their sports at their own enclosure, and the Federation of Working Men's Clubs had a successful gathering at the Crystal Palace.

In addition, the West of Scotland Harriers held high revel at Ibrox Park, Glasgow; the twenty-five miles Scottish cycling championship was decided at Edinburgh; the Ulster Centre Cyclists' sports were brought off at Belfast; and at the meeting of the St. Helen's Recreation C.C. the mile (centre) cycle championship was run—a pretty good bill of fare for an off-day.

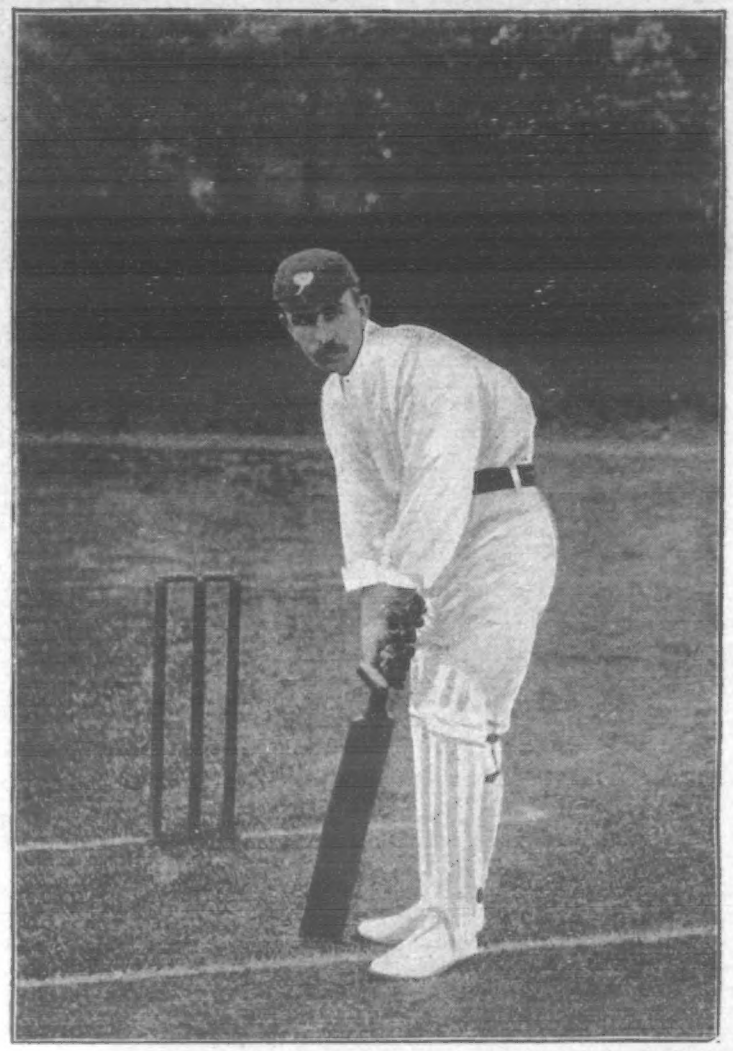
A great deal of interest was centred in the London Scottish meeting by the presence of several well-known performers on the path in the various events. An old South London Harrier in Sergt. E. Gavin won the half-mile level race and ran second to a fellow club mate in Private H. E. M. Martin in the mile, a very fair day's work for a veteran. An old L. A. C. man in Captain B. C. Green competed in the relay race between the Liverpool Scottish R.V. and the London Scots, and assisted the latter, who were, however, beaten.

At the West of Scotland meeting the 100yds. champion, J. W. Morton, won the handicap at that distance from scratch, and an ex-half-mile English champion, B. J. Blunden, better known as a member of the Blackheath Harriers and London Athletic Club, not only won the 600yds. level race, but beat the Scottish record at the distance by doing 1min. 15⅕secs. W. Anderson, of Bellahousten, equalled the old record of 1min. 15⅖secs. and finished second.

There were seven starters for the Scottish twenty five miles' cycling championship, but Haig manifested such superiority over the others that he was left alone on the track before half the distance had been covered, and at the half distance he was allowed to stop, and was awarded the championship and cup prizes.

The Liverpool Centre cycling championship, distance one mile, was, as already mentioned, decided at the sports of the St. Helen's Recreation C.C. Ben Jones, of the Wigan A.C., passed the judges first, but the time, 2min. 32⅘secs., was slow, and the men must have done a lot of loafing on the way. Other winners at the meeting were J. Wilding, of the Sutton Harriers, in the mile flat race; J. Harrison of the Waterloo Harriers secured the 100yds. and 220yds., and P. Ward, of the Salford Harriers, the open mile bicycle handicap.

There were a brace of open handicaps at the Federation of Working Men's Clubs Sports, 100yds. and 880yds. Both of these were secured by members of the Blackheath Harriers, J. P. Wardle securing the sprint from the short mark of 5½yds., and F. D. Ashby the half-mile. The members' events were fairly interesting, but call for no particular review.



Photo, Foster, Brighton.

Denton, the famous Yorkshire batsman, who has equalled Fry this season by knocking up four centuries.

Photo, Foster.

THE NORTHAMPTON ELEVEN, who are having their first season in first-class County cricket. The group consists of Messrs. Bullimer, Knight, Thompson, Poole, Hawkins, Cox, East, Horton, Smith, W. H. Kingston, Crosse, and H. E. Kingston.

A Millionaire's Hymns.

A hobby of the late Mr. John Rylands, the Manchester millionaire, was the collection of hymns. In the course of years 60,000 hymns, drawn from many centuries, and most of the forms of Christianity, were got together. Contained in thirty-four thick folio volumes, they have been presented to the Rylands Library at Manchester by Mrs. Rylands.

Gramophone in Church.

The Priest-in-Charge at Bredon's Norton, Tewkesbury, writes to the *Chronicle* to say that he has used a gramophone in his church frequently on Sunday evenings after service. "I can truly say the sacred pieces thus reproduced have given my congregation (some of whom are highly cultured) immense pleasure."

Wedding Feast in a Field.

The one thousand guests who were present at the wedding of the daughter of the Mayor of Serignac, in the north of France, last week, were entertained in a field. Six horses and carts were led among the guests, in order that the food might be distributed. The feast lasted from two o'clock until seven.

"Captain Kettle" a Publican.

The man from whom Mr. Wood got the idea for the figure of the redoubtable Captain Kettle was a publican in the neighbourhood of Hampstead. This person had many things in common with the fire-eating little captain, for although only a small man himself, he had the reputation of having on several occasions personally ejected from his premises burly navvies who had made insulting remarks as to the quality of his beer.—From "Recollections of an Artist's Model" in *T.A.T.*

A Splendid List.

Among the Contributors to the current number of PEARSON'S WEEKLY are:

W. CLARK RUSSELL
J. BLUNDELL BURTON
C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE
EGERTON CASTLE
HELEN MATHERS
FERGUS HUME
WILLIAM LE QUEUX
GEORGE R. SIMS
JOHN K. PROTHERO.

A few of the Special Attractions are:
"My First Guinea and What I Did With It."
(Some Confessions by Favourite Authors.)
"Things Women Do Better than Men."
"My Notebook." By PETER KEARY.
"The Duties of Mr. Speaker."
"Diseases You Can't Catch."
£2,000 Railway Insurance.

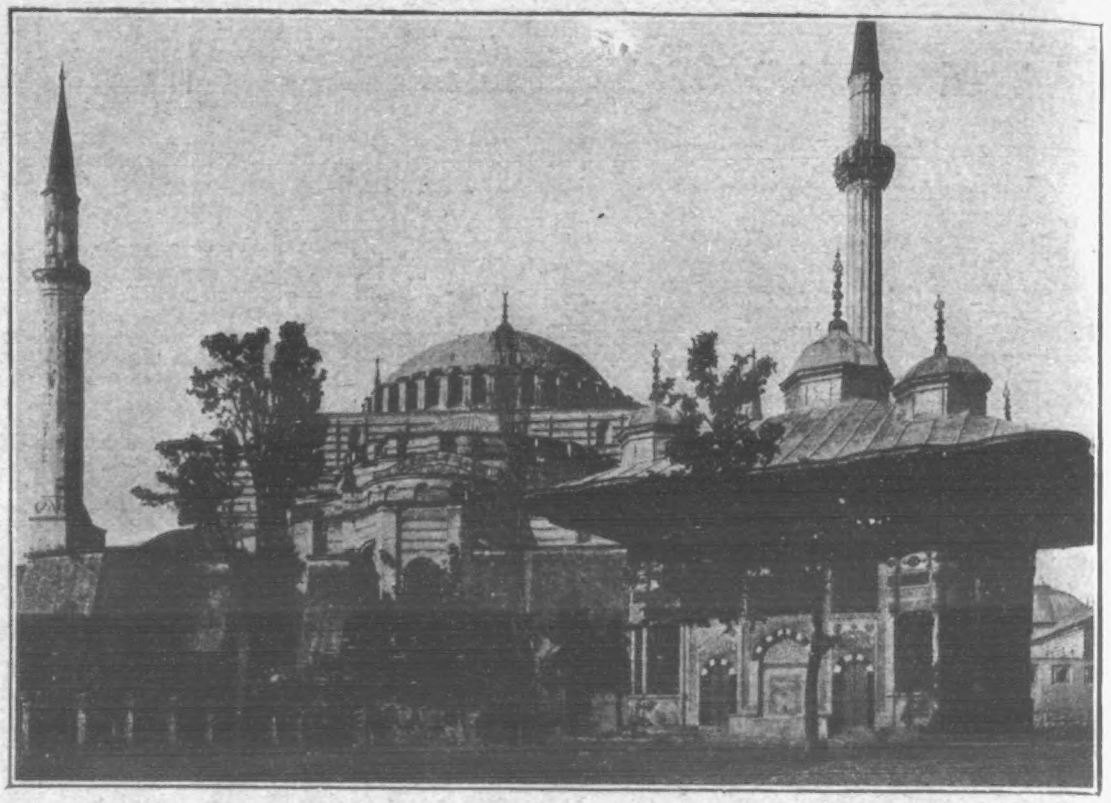
A MODERN CAIN.

SULTAN OF TURKEY ALLEGED TO HAVE CAUSED THE DEATH OF HIS BROTHER.

[*From a Correspondent.*]

Constantinople, June 14.—On April 25, 1905, an official announcement was issued to the effect that the Sultan's brother, Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin, was dead and buried. This announcement caused considerable surprise because no one in the Turkish capital, even in the Court circles, had the least idea that Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin was suffering from any malady. The news of his illness, death, and burial came simultaneously, and gave rise to legitimate suspicions regarding the nature of his decease. Great secrecy was maintained regarding the whole affair, and although most persons who are acquainted with the methods of the Turkish Court felt sure what had happened, it has taken a coup'e of weeks for the truth to filter through the Court circles and come to the knowledge of the outside world. Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin did not awoke to find that Fehin had been made a Pasha and appointed chief of the palace police with the rank of major-general. Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin excited Fehin Pasha's enmity in the first place by treating the ambitious plebeian with contempt. The Prince generally ignored the presence of Fehin Pasha at Court festivities, and on one occasion, when he did notice him, he referred to him loudly and contemptuously as "the policeman."

Fehin Pasha's enmity rose to a boiling-point, however, when Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin secured possession of a beautiful Circassian woman whom the chief of the palace police coveted for his own harem. The Circassian slave was brought to Constantinople and offered for sale at auction by one of the dealers whose business it is to replenish the harems of the Turkish capital with desirable



"A MODERN CAIN": Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin's Palace, in which he was murdered.

"A MODERN CAIN": Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin, who was murdered by command of his brother, the Sultan of Turkey.

die a natural death, but was murdered, and there are good grounds for believing that he was strangled by order of his Imperial brother the Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey.

EARNED FAVOURITE'S HATE.

The Prince's untimely end was due primarily to the fact that he had excited the enmity of Fehin Pasha, the chief of the palace police who are entrusted with the protection of the Sultan at Yildiz Kiosk. Fehin Pasha is thus one of the most powerful personages in Turkey, and he has exploited his opportunities with relentless cruelty. The enmity which he has excited among other courtiers and among the widest circles of State officials only serves to increase the Sultan's confidence in him, and he has gained the monarch's trust to an unusual degree.

Fehin Pasha is a man of plebeian origin, and was formerly an ordinary detective of the political secret service in Constantinople. He contrived to attract the Sultan's attention by "discovering" and "frustrating" plots which he himself had concocted with the help of willing friends, and which ended in a number of absolutely innocent persons being banished to remote districts of Asia Minor. One fine morning the Turkish capital awoke to find that Fehin had been made a Pasha and appointed chief of the palace police with the rank of major-general. Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin excited Fehin Pasha's enmity in the first place by treating the ambitious plebeian with contempt. The Prince generally ignored the presence of Fehin Pasha at Court festivities, and on one occasion, when he did notice him, he referred to him loudly and contemptuously as "the policeman."

Fehin Pasha's enmity rose to a boiling-point, however, when Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin secured possession of a beautiful Circassian woman whom the chief of the palace police coveted for his own harem. The Circassian slave was brought to Constantinople and offered for sale at auction by one of the dealers whose business it is to replenish the harems of the Turkish capital with desirable inmates. Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin and Fehin Pasha were both bidders for "No. 4," as she was designated at the sale, and the chief of the palace police, who has not yet been in power sufficiently long to enrich himself, was unable to compete with the wealthy Prince of the Imperial household. Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin secured the beautiful Circassian, and Fehin Pasha resolved there and then to have revenge.

Fehin Pasha's position as chief of the palace police, combined with the unusual confidence which the Sultan has in him, delivered Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin into his hands. The officer deliberately concocted a story of a plot by Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin to dethrone the Sultan and to gain the crown of the Ottoman Empire for himself. Fehin Pasha caused letters to be forged which supplied in black and white apparently indisputable proofs of the Prince's guilt. He also procured perjured witnesses who in return for his bribes were willing to swear false oaths regarding Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin's participation in a treasonable conspiracy. When Fehin Pasha had prepared all the necessary "evidence" he requested audience with the Sultan on the ground that he had an important communication to make. This was on the evening of April 24.

Abdul Hamid, scenting danger, gave orders that the chief of the palace police should be immediately admitted to his presence. The Sultan's secretary, Izzet Pasha, and another courtier were present during the audience. Fehin Pasha entered and told the Sultan briefly that he had discovered a plot to dethrone and assassinate him, and that this plot was to be carried out on the following day. "The originator of the plot," said Fehin Pasha to the Sultan, "is your Majesty's own brother, Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin." Fehin Pasha then produced his documentary "evidence" of the Prince's guilt and summoned from an ante-room the perjured witnesses, everyone of whom confirmed the story of the Prince's connection with the conspiracy. The Sultan's agitation knew no bounds. He declared: "My brother shall die on the day on which he intended my assassination should take place; instead of ascending the Turkish throne he shall descend into his own grave." The Sultan thereupon gave Fehin Pasha verbal orders to carry out the execution of his brother, Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin, swiftly and secretly on the following day.

STRANGLED IN HIS BEDROOM.

Early next morning Fehin Pasha himself, accompanied by three Albanians of the Sultan's palace bodyguard, presented himself at the door of Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin's palace and demanded admittance. It was granted immediately, and the chief of the palace police was conducted to one of the spacious and magnificent reception halls. Fehin Pasha then summoned the chief of the household and informed him that he must at once secure admittance to Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin's bedroom. The chief of the household demurred, but Fehin Pasha overcame his scruples by threats of punishment if he resisted the Sultan's orders.

The plotter was then conducted without further delay to the Prince's private chamber. Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin was asleep in bed when Fehin Pasha opened the door of his bedroom and entered, followed by the three Albanian soldiers. The Prince sprang up at once, exclaiming: "What's the meaning of this intrusion? What's the meaning of this insolence, policeman?" Fehin Pasha, who had closed the door behind him, replied: "His Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, has sentenced your Imperial Highness to death, and these soldiers have orders to carry out the execution immediately." Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin cried out, and attempted to reach a second door leading from his chamber into that part of the palace in which the members of his harem resided. At Fehin Pasha's prompt order, however, the Albanians, whose ferocity is proverbial, seized the Prince, threw him down on his own bed and strangled him with a rich silken scarf.

The terrified domestics who had assembled before the door of the chamber were able to follow by their ears the course of the death-struggle in the chamber, but their fear of Fehin Pasha and their knowledge that he was the Sultan's confidant prevented them from attempting any kind of interference.

Within two hours of his violent death the Prince was in his grave. No one saw the body except Fehin Pasha, the three Albanians, and two other attendants who assisted in the burial. There was no kind of religious ceremony at the Prince's interment. He was buried in the garden of his own palace, not in a coffin, but wrapped only in a linen sheet. When the last act of the tragedy had been performed, Fehin Pasha proceeded to the Yildiz Kiosk and reported the death and burial of the Prince to the Sultan, who, it is stated, displayed no emotion whatever at the news. An official communication was then issued by the news bureau of the Turkish Government and telegraphed through the ordinary channels to all parts of the world, to the effect that Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin had died suddenly, and had been buried. It has taken a fortnight for all the details of the crime to become known, and the story as I have given it is the one current in the best-informed circles of the Turkish capital. Several diplomatic representatives of foreign powers have forwarded a similar report of the Prince's death to their governments.

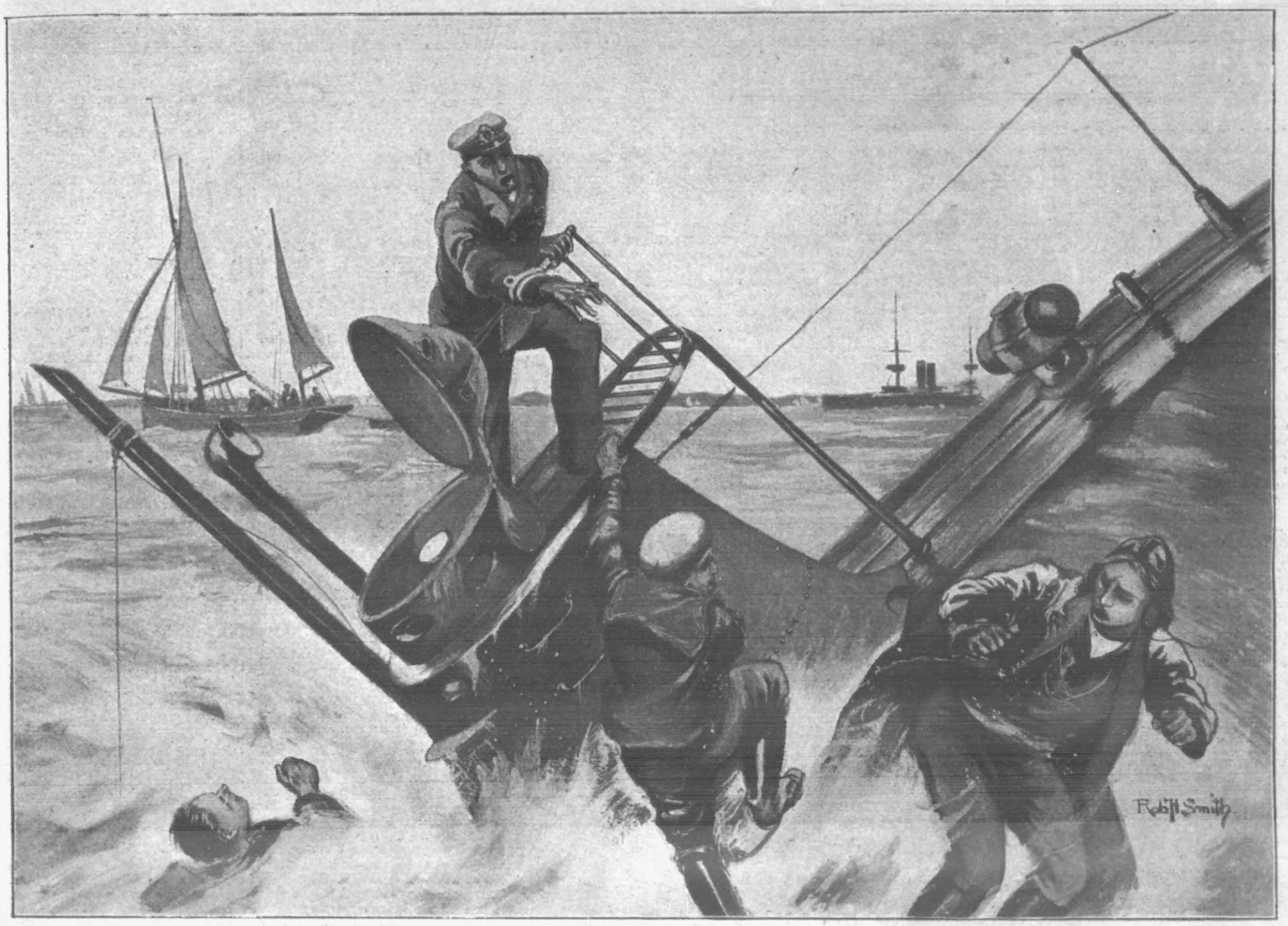
Since the murder of King Alexander of Servia, which took place in June, 1903, the Sultan of Turkey's fear of assassination has become a perfect mania. The impression created on his mind by the Belgrade crime was all the greater because the regicides by whose hands the Servian royal couple fell were officers belonging to the Servian army. Abdul Hamid was in such a state of fear and excitement after the Belgrade tragedy that he hid himself from his own court, a fact which gave rise to the rumours of his deposition and assassination by his Albanian bodyguard. After a brief interval Abdul Hamid recovered some degree of composure, but traces of the fearful events at Belgrade were found in his increased nervousness and mistrust towards all his relatives, courtiers, and servants.

The contemplation of these terrible possibilities has driven Abdul Hamid into a veritable frenzy of fear. He smells poison in every dish, regards every group of persons engaged in conversation as conspirators against his power, and sees an assassin in his own shadow. During the last few weeks the Sultan has taken measures which indicate the intensity of his fears. He issued an Imperial decree prohibiting officers of the Turkish army from visiting any restaurants or *cafés* in Constantinople in which any Europeans are to be found as customers. The idea of this mandate was to prevent Turkish officers from coming into contact with Europeans who would contaminate them with dangerous ideas of government and progress. The decree provided that any officer who disobeyed this order would be punished by expulsion from the Turkish army.

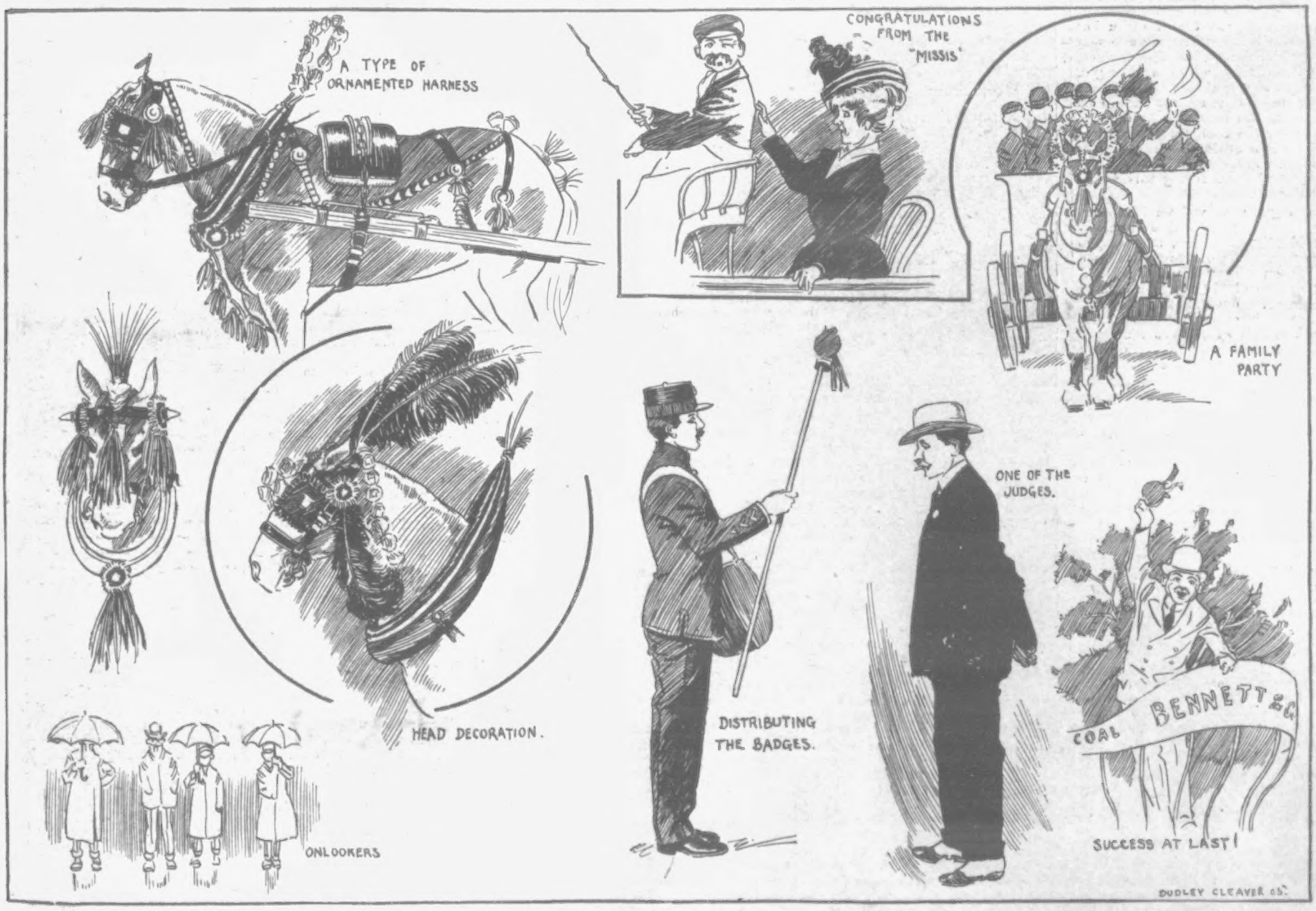
Not content with this drastic measure, Abdul Hamid followed it up by another decree strongly prohibiting officers of the Turkish army from visiting one another in their own houses. The object of this decree was to prevent officers from conspiring together against the Sultan's life

R. C. M.

"A MODERN CAIN": One of the Albanian Hillsmen who form the Sultan's Bodyguard. The murder of Prince Ahmed Kemal Eddin was carried out by three of these men.



THE SUBMARINE DISASTER. The men jumping from the sinking vessel. A special sketch by our naval artist. A description of the catastrophe will be found on page 371.



THE ANNUAL CART-HORSE PARADE AT REGENT'S PARK. Special sketches on Whit-Monday by our special artist.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Marrying Age.

Should a man marry before he is thirty? The question sounds somewhat strange, and will no doubt bring, as an answer, the further very pertinent query: Why not? Here are the reasons given by one who has bestowed much thought on this matter:

How many men of to-day can say that they have gained a position of any importance before they have arrived at what seems to be rather a mature age? Very few. The struggle for existence is keen, the good positions are not plentiful, and there is a certain amount of uncertainty in most positions, whatever they be, till a man has proved his worth. That proving one's value takes time; some manage to do it while in the better half of the twenties, but the majority require a longer period.

During these years of striving, will marriage help or hinder him? That is a question which evokes opposite replies, some contending that a wife will assist by her encouragement, while others declare that the possession of a wife and family makes him so much more cautious that his enterprise is likely to be crippled.

Those who hold this last opinion also assert that he naturally spends more time than he can afford in the enjoyment of family life. He should not only be less burdened with care, but also should have his time practically free, so that he may devote himself to furthering his own advancement; and these things are not likely to happen if he be married.

It is certain that the chances of gaining a good and secure position early in life are decreasing with every decade. Whether or not the view that a man should not marry till he is thirty finds favour, we have to face the fact that the average age of marriage in men is getting nearer and nearer to thirty; at the present time it is nearly twenty-seven. It would thus appear that, either by choice or necessity, men are not marrying so early as they once did; the contention is that they are realising the truth of the opinions expressed above.

To those who say that if a man has a wife she helps him by her affection and encouragement, and that without a wife he would lose these advantages, the reply is given that he need not wholly deprive himself of those aids to success. He has a sweetheart who is interested in him, who encourages him and sympathises with him, while she is not impeding him because she is supporting herself during this period of endeavour.

To Distinguish Cotton from Linen.

To distinguish cotton from linen when you are choosing handkerchiefs, moisten the tip of a finger and place it on the handkerchief. If it is wet through at once it is linen, but if cotton be present in its manufacture it will take some seconds to penetrate the threads. In linen the threads are less even than in cotton.

How to Mend Gloves.

Mend kid gloves with fine cotton of the same shade, not with silk. When a stitch in a seam gives way replace it at once. To mend a tear in the kid, buttonhole closely round the edges once or twice, as the size of the rent may require, and then join the edges together. Save buttons from discarded gloves to replace lost ones; they often match perfectly.

American Cream Cake.

Take a breakfastcupful of flour, half a breakfastcupful of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, two eggs, and a little milk. Mix the flour with the cream of tartar and soda. Then rub the butter into the sugar with a wooden spoon. Beat the eggs well and add to the milk. Bake this in thin layers, and when baked put the following cream between: Stand half a pint of milk in a saucepan to boil. When it boils stir in half a cupful of sugar, a heaped teaspoonful of fine flour, and one egg. Let this cook gently while it thickens and till all taste of the flour is lost. Flavour to taste. Lightly press one round on the other, and scatter sugar on the top cake.

Steamed Rhubarb.

Ingredients: Two bunches of rhubarb, half a lemon rind, sugar to taste.

Wipe the rhubarb and cut into two-inch lengths. Put into a basin with lemon rind. Cover with a saucer and steam for three-quarters of an hour over boiling water. Take out the lemon rind, add a few lumps of sugar, and steam till quite soft. Serve hot or cold. Keep the rhubarb quite dry, and it will cook in its own juice and be very tasty.

Spring Soup.

Ingredients: Half a white hearted cabbage, two leeks, a stick of celery, one carrot, one turnip, one small cauliflower, two quarts of stock, two ounces of butter on two thin slices of bread, clarified dripping. Shred the vegetables finely, using only the flower of the cauliflower, and put them in a saucepan with the butter. Let all cook gently for a quarter of an hour, taking care that they do not burn. Then add the stock, and let the soup boil for an hour, with the lid off the saucepan Cut a couple of thin slices of bread, and put them in the oven to brown. When serving place the baked bread in the tureen, and pour the boiling soup on them. If these vegetables are not to be obtained, use any in season. Lettuce is very nice as a change.

Photo, Ralph.

The very latest portrait of her Majesty Queen Alexandra, with her two favourite King Charles spaniels.

To Wash Hair-Brushes.

Dissolve a couple of tablespoonfuls of borax in a little boiling water, and add to it a sufficiency of cold water in a shallow vessel, deep enough only to cover the bristles. In this dab the brush up and down till clean, rinse with clear water, and put in the air to dry. Remember in washing brushes that hot water must not be used, and they must not be placed near a fire or in the sun to dry. Carelessness in these points will result in the bristles losing their stiffness and becoming discoloured.

Mince and Poached Eggs.

Mince and poached eggs is ever a popular dish when eggs are plentiful. The remnants from a fillet steak can be used for this. Mince the meat, season nicely, and just heat it in a little good gravy. Dredge flour over and stir till hot, but *not* boiling. Lay this in a dish. Scatter browned breadcrumbs over it, and just brown again with a hot shovel or salamander. Poach the eggs you wish to use, trim them neatly, and place on the mince. Scatter parsley on each and serve at once.

Scrambled Tomato Eggs.

Break three or four eggs into a basin, slightly beat them, season with pepper and salt, and add to them two tablespoonfuls of thick tomato sauce. Melt half an ounce of butter in a lined saucepan, pour in the eggs, and stir all together until it thickens. Serve very hot on buttered toast.

Eggs with Cheese.

Eggs with cheese make a good savoury. Take some slices of bread, toast and butter them thickly, cut into squares, and on each put a quarter of a hard-boiled egg. Melt in a pan on the fire any pieces of dry, hard cheese you may have, season with salt, pepper, and mixed mustard. Pour this over the eggs and brown with a hot shovel. Serve very hot.

Tongue and Tomatoes.

Tongue and tomatoes make a very good dish for the substantial course at a small dinner. Take a nice-sized tongue, cover with tepid water, add a seasoning of herbs and whole spices and boil slowly. When cooked remove the skin, brush the entire surface with beaten egg, and strew with breadcrumbs. Bake for half-an-hour in a steady oven, basting frequently. Serve hot, with a good brown gravy, and fried tomatoes.

Savoury Eggs and Salad.

Have some small cups or moulds, and butter them thoroughly. Scatter into each mould chopped ham or tongue and a little parsley. Season all with pepper and salt. Break an egg into each cup, and place in the oven to set thoroughly, so as to eat hard when cold. Have a dish of salad ready; over it pour a nice cream dressing, and arrange the eggs in a circle on the salad. Garnish with beetroot and serve.

A Common Centre.

Our ideas of home life are changing. We are not content with the restricted pleasures and scope of our grandparents, and we feel the need of keeping our minds fresh. It brightens us to mix with other people, and the man or woman who does not care to go outside his or her own small castle is apt to become narrow-minded.

It we need the society of others, as we undoubtedly do, how are we to obtain it? The easiest method, at first sight, appears to be the giving and accepting of invitations to and from one's relations and friends; but there is a very serious fact to be taken into account in this connection, as we discover when we have commenced to try the experiment. It costs too much! It is all very well for those whose incomes are spacious, but for the majority of us, who possess moderate incomes only, the experiment is not likely to develop into a regular practice. How, then, are we to obtain the desired intercourse.

We want a common centre, which shall be to us what the present luxurious hotel is to the fashionable world. Society gives dinners and parties at hotels because it is easier and probably less costly than doing it at home. Society spends its time in hotels and clubs, where intercourse is to be had. The moderately-circumstanced person cannot afford hotel charges, and she has no other place to which to go.

There is a great need of some meeting-place for the middle-class. There might be one in every parish or district; the scheme could be initiated by the ministers of churches and chapels, working together, or by the county or borough councillors, or by some other prominent and, therefore, influential personage. Every householder could be induced to pay a small weekly subscription, and a large room—in some cases even a whole house, according to the circumstances—could be rented and arranged.

It should be possible to obtain tea, but there would be no absolute necessity to provide other refreshments or meals. Here the tired house wife could come during the evening, now and then, and find people to whom she could have a chat. And the husband could also "drop in." Thus the ideas would be extended.

There is no question that those who stay at home a great deal become reserved and gradually shun the world at large, and there is also not much doubt that their ideas are limited; they do not take a broad view of things, and they fall behind their fellows. Let us have a common meeting-place.

The common centre must be quite colourless in politics and religion, and those who make use of it must not go there merely to criticise their neighbours.

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Women on Juries.

It should be a first principle of justice that women should be on the juries that try women.—Lilly Devereux Blake.

When Silence is Golden.

Ignorance may be bliss, but it is wise to let it be silent bliss.—Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell in the *Boudoir*.

Husband-Hunting.

I can conceive of no more degrading profession for a woman than the profession of husband-hunting.—Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

Birds in Hats.

The Legislature of Arkansas has passed a law making any woman who wears a stuffed bird in her hat liable to a fine of from £5 to £10.—*Journal of Zoophily*.

A Text for Match-makers.

The most good-natured of mothers at times seem to forget that the first principle of match-making is not the bringing about of a proposal, but the bringing about of a happy marriage.—"Frances" in *T.P.'s Weekly*.

"Every Maid has a Man."

Every woman, however ill-favoured, has, at some period or other of her life, a chance of changing her state. That all do not choose to take advantage of this chance is certain, but the woman who has never been told that she is loved must indeed be a curiosity.—Lady Jephson in *Letters to a Lébutante*.

Marriage à la Mode.

In most French marriages money plays the important part. The first question asked by the young man is "How much?" As a rule it is an easy matter to ascertain without applying directly to the papa, but even when no question of dowry is raised at the formal demand, there is always a contract, drawn up by a notary, which specifies the exact sum the girl receives.—*King*.

A Frivolous Influence.

Notwithstanding her brightness, and, as a rule, her virtue, the influence of the American woman, not only in England but on the Continent, has been extremely harmful. It has made for frivolity, for extravagance, for selfishness. It has tended towards the decay of fine manners, towards lack of reverence and reticence, and an increasing impatience of restraint.—*Fortnightly Review*.

Imperial View of Women's Duties.

The German Empress is credited with saying that women should confine their attention to "the four k's"—children, clothes, church, and cooking—a conception of life which is challenged in many quarters, but for which there is still something to be said, especially where the husband happens to be a Hohenzollern.—*Daily News*.

Are Men or Women Sweeter Tempered?

Women in their ordinary daily lives have probably on an average about two hundred more matters from morning to night to try their tempers and exercise their patience than have men. Perhaps it is this very fact that has made their tempers better able to bear a strain that the average temper of a man will break under. Be this as it may, the effect remains the same—women as a class are considerably better tempered than men.—*Daily Mail*.

Curls Sold with Hats.

The wonderful way in which the *chic* Parisienne builds up her coiffure to fill the hollows and angles made by the modish Watteau hats is finding imitation in London also. It's no secret; you put your hat on, and wherever you think it is wanted you stick in a tuft of curled hair fastened on a long pin to secure it. Curls, knots, and puff bows in every shade of blonde or dark hair are sold with the hats.—*Coming Modes*.

Cheap Social Ideals.

The extravagance and vulgarity of modern society are due to many causes, but none of them can be traced to the influx of Colonials, at any rate from Canada and Australasia. Of South Africans and Americans as much cannot be said. The latter, in particular, hold perhaps the cheapest social ideal of any great people of whom we have any record, for it aims at nothing higher than "having a good time." Moved by it, women strive only to outdo one another in dress, inventiveness, and display.—*Contemporary Review*.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

There is consolation and hope for those histrionic aspirants who have hitherto experienced an unconquerable feeling of stage fright when facing an audience. A physician who has devoted himself to a consideration of the question of stage fright (says *Health*) advises those who suffer from it to combat the nervous asthenia which paralyses their faculties, and causes them to lose their self-possession altogether, by taking ten drops of tincture of gelsemium three times a day. Another specialist prescribed wine of opium to be taken by actors and singers before going on the stage. From five to six drops, he says, will give to the most timid actress the self-possession of the most spirited old player.

Last Saturday brought Sir Henry Irving's most successful season at Drury Lane to a close. Although originally arranged for a month, the public so wished to witness some of his notable creations that the season extended to six weeks. At the fall of the curtain after "Louis XI." on Friday week a scene occurred seldom witnessed in a theatre, Sir Henry Irving being no less than seven times recalled; and after the safety-curtain was lowered the cheering continued, and a perfect storm of applause greeted his reappearance. The curtain again descended, but the cheering continued, the audience singing "Auld Lang Syne," and calling for "Irving, Irving," until after five minutes the curtain rose, and Sir Henry, in his ordinary dress, came forward, and with emotion said: "Ladies and Gentlemen,—You have taken me by surprise, more than I have ever been in my life. I did not dream that you were asking for me, or that you were offering such an ovation which it is impossible for me to respond to (cries of "You're well worth it!"). I can only respond with a very full heart, and when the heart is full the expression can hardly be adequate. I thank you with all my heart, as your loving, loyal, and obedient servant." These words were received with cheers, and the audience departed, almost half an hour after the end of the play.

Mr. Oswald Stoll's novel advertising scheme was shown on Monday at every theatre controlled by the Stoll & Moss Syndicates, the London Hippodrome and Coliseum included. At every performance a puzzle picture of an amusing character was thrown on the curtain for five minutes. The scenes or figures on the curtain make up a local address, and £5 is offered for the correct solution. Everyone in the audience had a "Prize Puzzle" ticket along with his ordinary ticket of admission to the theatre.

The popular conjuror, Mr. David Devant, now appearing at Mr. J. N. Maskelyne's new Home of Mystery, St. George's Hall, is shortly showing one of the most astounding magical illusions ever seen on the stage. He introduces a young lady dressed as a moth, and, after pursuing her about the stage, eventually catches her in his arms. When in the full light of the footlights she instantly disappears. This marvellous illusion is the outcome of a strange dream that Mr. Devant had some time ago.

The Tivoli had a strong Whitsuntide programme, Mr. Harry presenting his latest skit "Fishing," and numerous turns were given by George Bastow, George Robey, Brown and Le Clerq, Vesta Victoria, Mike McLellen, Ernest Shand, the Three Laurels, and Clark and Hamilton.

The Palace Girls appear at the Shaftesbury-avenue establishment in a striking tobogganing act, said to be very French in style. Mr. Tom Hearn, juggler, and Arthur Prince, ventriloquist, also return.

The Waldorf Theatre last week produced a new one-act opera entitled, "Fiorella," with the music by Mr. Amherst Webber, and libretto by M. M. Victorien Sardon and G. B. Ghensi. The story is somewhat slight in character, but the music is pleasing, and the operetta was most effectively mounted. The caste included Madame De Cisnesos, Miss Ferraris, Mr. Pini-Corsi, Mr. Pezzutti, and Mr. Angelini-Fornari.

In Verona, the house Shakespeare's hercine, Juliet, was supposed to have lived in, has lately been sold by auction for £136. The house is constructed of brick, with pointed windows and an Italian balcony, bearing on the centre of the arch a cardinal's hat in relief, the sign of the Capulet family. Lately, under the name of Osleria del Cappello, it has been used as an Inn.

Mr. Charles Brookfield's numerous friends will be sorry to hear that last Friday evening he was knocked down by an omnibus, and, the wheel passing over his left hand, fractured three fingers. He is, however, progressing favourably.

Madame Réjane at Terry's Theatre on Monday played in "Madame Sans-Gene." This ran during the week with "La Petite Marquise," given on Saturday's *matinée*, preceded by "L'Ecuyene." On the following Monday "l'Age d'Aimes" will be performed.

Next Tuesday, at the Botanical Gardens, Mr. Patrick Kirwan will start a set of pastoral plays, commencing with "The Tempest." This later on will be followed by Euphuist Lyly's "Galathea," Fletcher's comedy, "The Wild Goose Chase," and "Love's Labour's Lost," also a new play treating of "Rip Van Winkle."

On Saturday, July 1, Miss Ellaline Terriss and Mr. Seymour Hicks will appear at the Vaudeville for the last time after an engagement lasting five years. After a short holiday, Mr. and Mrs. Hicks will start a provincial tour of the "Catch of the Season," at Douglas, Isle of Man, in September, assisted by the Gibson Girls and several members of the Vaudeville company. I understand that next Christmas Miss Terriss and Mr. Hicks intend to open for Mr. Frohman the new Aldwych Theatre.

THE THEATRICAL MOTOR MEET: A general view of the cars, with Miss Mabel Love leading in a 40-h.p. Mors Car.

The famous contralto, Madame Clara Butt, and her husband, Mr. Kennerly Rumford, on last Sunday week had somewhat alarming experience at Henley-on-Thames. It appears they embarked in a small boat for a trip on the river, but had hardly left the landing place when the boat capsized and both occupants were thrown into the water, which at that place is 14 ft. deep. Mr. Rumford went to his wife's assistance, and got her near enough to the landing-stage for two ladies to render help, and eventually Madame Butt was brought ashore; but the shock rendered her for some time unconscious. Mr. Rumford swam ashore, and I am glad to state neither of the popular vocalists are likely to have any bad result from their adventure.

At the Criterion early in September "The White Chrysanthemum" will be produced. The work is a musical comedy in three acts, by Leedham Bantock and Arthur Anderson, with music by Howard Talbot. The cast will include Mr. M. R. Morand, Mr. Rutland Barrington, Mr. Horace Mills, and Miss Leigh.

"Hawthorne, U.S.A.," not proving a success, although having so popular an actor as Mr. Waller in the cast, "Monsieur Beaucaire" was again revived on Saturday last at the Imperial Theatre.

So great a success has "You Never Can Tell" been at recent matinées that it was put into the evening bill at the Court Theatre on Monday. Extra matinées were also given this week of "Man and Superman." In September the new season will open with a revival of "John Bull's Other Island," and among other works will be produced a new comedy by Mr. St. John Hankin, entitled "The Return of the Prodigal" (evidently no relation to the Drury Lane "Prodigal Son"), and a new play, "The Voysey Inheritance," by Mr. Granville Barker; also a new play by Mr. Bernard Shaw, not yet billed.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY, the leading lady at His Majesty's Theatre, London.

Photo, L. C. S——b.

MR. LIONEL BROUGH, for whom a benefit has just been held.

The second annual meeting of the members of the theatrical profession took place last week-end at the Riviera Hotel, Maidenhead. The cars started from the Imperial Restaurant, Regent Street, where the guests were entertained to supper (after the theatre), and proceeded to Maidenhead. During the latter part of the week the inhabitants were informed of what was going to take place, and great was the surprise of the motorists when, within a mile of Maidenhead, they found the roads thronged with great crowds of people cheering and laughing on the arrival of each car. They were a good-natured crowd, and, as the cars stopped opposite the Riviera, the crowd serenaded the fair occupants; it was difficult to get into the hotel, so great was the pressure to see each arrival. On the Sunday morning the party were cinematographed for the Alhambra and Lyceum Theatres, after which they proceeded to Bourne End on board a yacht specially chartered for the occasion, where they amused themselves for some time; lunch was served on board, and everyone concerned were in the highest of spirits. On returning to Maidenhead, the ladies formed little parties, each having a programme of its own to carry out. A great number went punting, others went off on the cars and created quite a diversion in the neighbourhood of Boulters and Great Marlow. After dinner, the night being a beautiful one, the party went out on the lawn of the Riviera Hotel, and were treated to a number of melodies, accompanied by the banjo. When it became too cold to remain out of doors any longer, the ladies went inside, and, as there was naturally a great amount of talent present, it was an easy matter to arrange an impromptu concert, which was kept up until two o'clock on Monday morning. A crowd assembled at the doors of the hotel this morning to watch the departure of the cars, and as each went off with a spurt it was treated to a run of cheering. Among those present were:—Mlle. Réjane, the Misses Mabel Love, Nina and Dora Sevening, Dora Barton, Doris Stocker, Alice Crawford, and a host of other pretty women. Among the men present were:—The Hon. C. S. Rolls, the managing director of the Daimler Motor Co., C. E. Instone, Esq., Colonel Hinton, Mr. Vane, of S. F. Edge and Co., who brought two "Gladiators," Mr. Frank Butler, who brought a party of famous French aeronauts; Mr. Du Cros Messager, the famous composer, looked in during the afternoon, and was greatly interested in the gathering of pretty women, and the splendid-looking cars. Mlle. Réjane had some special pictures taken on the lawn of the Riviera as a souvenir of the occasion. This meet, which promises to be an annual event of great interest, was organised and carried out by Mr A. H. Vincent.

Mr. Lionel Brough, one of our most popular actors, who has been on the stage for fifty years, had a benefit at His Majesty's Theatre on June 15. Mr. Brough began his career in a newspaper office, and published the first number of the *Daily Telegraph*. He was once associated with the original production of Pepper's Ghosts, and gave the show at Windsor Castle when the late Emperor Frederick, then German Crown Prince, was staying there. The Prince was greatly interested in the illusion, and asked to be shown how it was produced. Mr. Brough consented on one condition—that his Royal Highness would give his honour, as a gentleman, not to enter into competition with him in the ghost business. "During the fifty years I have been on the stage," says the veteran actor, "I have made more friends than I can call to mind, and not one enemy that I can remember. As for the honesty and morality of the stage, all I can say is that I have had four children, and that I have brought them all up as players."

Next Monday Madame Bernhardt will begin her London season at the Coronet Theatre, some old favourites, such as "La Dame Aux Camelias" and "Adrienne Leconorour," being given as well as one novelty of special interest, "Angelo," by Victor Hugo, the part of La Tesbé, which will be played by Madame Bernhardt, being, to quote M. Paul Maurice, "one of the finest characters known to the stage." "Angelo" is written in prose, and is the only drama of Victor Hugo not in verse.

Mr. Martin Harvey seems to have found the "Breed of the Treshams" to the public taste, and I hear the booking is most encouraging, so much so that Mr. Harvey gave, on Saturday afternoon last, a special matinée.

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A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

PEER AND WORKMAN.

At this moment Steel raised his head and looked across the square. He saw the peer and his daughter at the window and started, for his keen eye recognised the woman. He started again when she signalled to him to cross the road, obviously meaning him to enter the house. For a few seconds he hesitated, then he stepped into the road and crossed it and walked up the broad steps which led to the house. As he reached the door it was opened and he was confronted by the bride—the woman who had befriended him and his companions in Oxford Street. He saluted her respectfully.

"Will you come in?" she asked. "My father would like to see you."

Removing his cap he accompanied her to the library, where the ascetic hereditary legislator awaited him. Again John Steel saluted.

"Well, my good fellow," began the peer graciously, "you and yours have raised a fine hornets' nest about our ears."

"I don't follow you," answered Steel bluntly.

"I mean," continued the peer haughtily, "that the unemployed and the aliens together have brought about some fine devil's work for us."

"Don't class me with foreigners," said Steel hotly. "I've nothing to do with 'em."

"I understand that you were with the procession when the first outbreak took place," said Lord Harden in some surprise.

"What of that?" asked Steel. "I joined 'em because I was forced into it. You'd do the same in my shoes."

The peer was appalled. In the whole course of his steady life he had never been spoken to so fearlessly as this, except perhaps by his own daughter—but she, he recognised, was a privileged person.

"You forget," he observed coldly, "to whom you are speaking!"

"I don't know you, sir, an' that's a fact," admitted Steel.

"I am Lord Harden," said the legislator quietly, and awaited the impression which the dignified announcement was sure, he supposed, to create.

"I never heard of you," replied Steel in the same even tones as before. "But, being a lord, you'll naturally be somebody important."

"I have been regarded from that point of view—up to the present," the peer replied, not without a twitching of the corners of his thin mouth. He had something of a reputation as a dry, a very dry, humorist.

"I see that you qualify it, sir," said Steel. "You say 'up to the present.' I think that's wise."

"You mean that Jack is as good as his master, my man?"

"Well, sir," said Steel, "you'd find that that was about the truth if you went into that particular quarter just now." He jerked his head towards the West-end, from which the sound of rioting and firing came. "I don't think they'd stop to ask what special breed a man was—not even the British infantry that's shootin' an' bay'nittin' right an' left. They're not stoppin' to ask who's a peer an' who's a pauper. They're just mowin' 'em down. It's the only way. I don't suppose that any livin' man could ha' prophesied a state o' things like this. Even now, with it all before my eyes, I sometimes start an' wonder if it isn't all a dream. But it's fact enough—and the worst of it is, it doesn't seem as if anything could be done."

"Something *must* be done!" exclaimed the peer hotly. "This terrible state of things cannot be allowed to last! What have you to say? You talk as if you had some suggestion or idea in mind."

John Steel laughed rather scornfully. "Well, you see, sir, I'm not sayin' much. Why should I? What have I to lose? Where do I come in? I've no property except the clothes I stand in. I'm not a lord or a landlord. I've noticed a few of 'em have been shoutin' like that just lately. 'Who's goin' to save us?' they ask. 'Who's goin' to get us out of this fearful mess?' Well, who should get 'em out but those who've got 'em into it—an' that's themselves? They've been sleepin' too long an' been runnin' to seed too much. There's many of 'em who can tell you the names of all the favourite chorus girls an' cheap opera singers, an' who's won this race an' who's batted best in this cricket match, or got the best kick in at that football match 'at ud thank God just now if they could tell the butt-end of a rifle from the muzzle well enough to make 'em able to so shoot somebody."

Again Lord Harden stared. John Steel was standing as placidly and collectedly as if he were the peer's equal and discussing things that did not matter, instead of problems which involved a nation's life.

"Come," he said abruptly. "This is no time for moralising or condemning. You are a man of the people, and a strong good man, too. You must have ideas on our situation, you may perhaps suggest some useful steps to take. Speak out, frankly—though I do not think I need to urge you on that point." The corners of his mouth twitched again.

Steel was about to answer, but instead of speaking he staggered and had to clutch the edge of the table for support.

The bride darted towards him. "Why," she exclaimed, "the man is starving!" She made a rapid sign to her father, and the stately old gentleman pressed an electric bell at his elbow.

A tall, slim, neat servant answered the summons. It was characteristic of the training and discipline of the establishment that even now she presented herself noiselessly and apparently unflurried; and characteristic, too, that she regarded Steel—one of her own class—with disfavour as being distinctly out of place.

"Bring up something to eat and drink," commanded the master—"unless," he added, addressing Steel, "you would rather go into the kitchen and then come back."

It was an unfortunate addition, and the peer knew it as soon as he had spoken. He was aware that he had wounded some strange pride in this strange man.

"I'm all right," asserted Steel. "I don't want anything—at least if I do I can lay hands on it outside. There's plenty goin'—an' everybody's got an equal right to it." He turned suddenly, as if to leave the room.

Without a word the bride took the cap from his hand, brought up a chair, put meat and drink before him and expressed a desire, which was more like a command, that he should refresh.

John Steel did so, and the peer was curiously impressed by the way in which he ate and drank. He had expected a coarse display, and yet the man got through his food as quietly as an ordinary dinner.

"After all," murmured Lord Harden, "Jack in some ways is certainly as good as his masters—and rather more refined than a few." Again the corners of his mouth twitched.

"I'm very much obliged to you, ma'am," said Steel when he had finished. He rose and again took up his cap.

"What do you mean to do?" asked Lord Harden abruptly.

Steel shrugged his shoulders. "What I'm forced—like thousands an' thousands more," he answered. "Is there no way of makin' use of men like me?"

"You mean by that——" said Lord Harden questioningly.

"I mean, sir," John Steel told him, "at first an' foremost I'm an Englishman who'll give his life as a duty to his country!"

"But I thought that just now you said you had no stake in it?" replied the peer.

"I'm like you, sir," continued Steel—"I've got to stand or fall by it—and I don't want to fall. I want to do my little bit to put things right. We're in a mess, an' the first thing to do is to get out of it. There'll be plenty of time for squabbling later."

"Of which full advantage will be taken," remarked the peer.

"I'm an Englishman," continued Steel, "an' a soldier—a trained fighter. An' there are scores of thousands like me, men who've been hardened an' trained in every part of the world, an' mostly on active service, too. Let us be made the backbone of the home defence, an' we'll show any foreign nation 'at we're not the rotten army they fancy us to be. An' we'll pay off a few of their gibes, with interest, too."

"How do you propose to do it?" asked Lord Harden, deeply interested.

"Form us into a National Guard, sir," answered Steel. "Get us all together in various parts o' the country, an redistribute us into diff'rent ridgiments or form us into ridgiments sep'rately. Then see what we'll do."

He spoke with a growing enthusiasm, and with the British soldier's born love of fighting. He stood erect, with firm mouth and glittering eyes, and before the old peer quite knew what was happening he had stepped forward and seized John Steel's hand and wrung it. This in itself was an unusual thing to do, for Lord Harden prided himself on his coldness at all times.

"No nation with such sons as you," he declared, "can be crushed or beaten permanently. A National Guard must be formed. I will go and urge it at all costs—now and at once. Let us go to the War Office. You can walk with me and wait till I hear the result."

"Very good, sir," said John Steel. "I can keep you in sight."

"You can keep at my side," replied the peer. Again the corners of the thin mouth twitched. "The enemy in our midst has made some queer bedfellows," he murmured, as they left the house.

Then he fell into a grim silence which was only broken once when he repeated, "I really cannot understand you. You said you had no stake in the country, and yet——"

"I was angry and forgot, sir," interrupted Steel. "I have a wife and child—an' that's the biggest stake a man can fight for."

Photo, Campbell Gray.

MISS JESSIE HUDDLESTON, who is now singing "My Sweet Wild Rose" at the London Coliseum.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

MISS PAULINE CHASE, the dainty Columbine of "Pantaloon," Mr. Barrie's play at the Duke of York's Theatre.

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A NATION'S AWAKENING.

When Lord Harden made up his mind to do a certain thing he never deviated from his purpose. His object when he left his house in the company of John Steel was to obtain an interview with the Secretary for War, whom he knew personally and in whose abilities he had considerable faith.

Lord Harden reached the imposing new building in Whitehall where the Secretary for War was now located, but he was firmly told that it was impossible to obtain an interview.

"Say that Lord Harden is here and must see him," said the peer.

The young gentleman to whom he spoke was grave—very grave, there was not a War Office official who did not appear to have grown suddenly old and haggard—but he was inflexible. "I am very sorry," he replied, "but our instructions are absolutely positive—on no consideration is the Secretary for War to be seen by any one at present except the members of the Defence Committee."

"Very well," said Lord Harden. "You have done your duty, young gentleman, and have carried out your instructions, as I can personally testify. The War Secretary is in his room?"

The young man murmured acquiescence, and remained standing and wondering what the visitor's intention was. He was still conjecturing when Lord Harden abruptly left him and hastened to the door of the room in which he knew that the War Secretary was to be found.

"I have flagrantly disobeyed orders," he confessed frankly as he carefully shut the door. "Whatever fault there is is entirely mine. I was told that you would see no one, but I left my house with the express purpose of putting an idea before you, and I claim the right to do it. Apart from that, I beg that as an old friend you will listen to me and waive ceremony at a terrible crisis like this. May I explain it?"

"I do not quite see how I can prevent you, in the circumstances," answered the War Secretary, somewhat coldly.

"We have reached a stage in our existence," observed the peer, ignoring the irony, "when every man who has a decent idea for national salvation has a right to be heard even at the War Office. I am exercising that privilege now. Is the Defence Committee doing anything to get together the swarms of men who have served in the Army and are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country?"

"The Defence Committee is engaged in discussing more urgent matters," was the irritable answer. "The first thing to do is to save London. Listen. What do you make of that?"

The booming of guns and the crackling of rifles, mingled with the shouts and cries of fighting, came towards them as they paused to listen.

"What does your information make it out to be?" asked Lord Harden.

"Our information alters every minute," said the War Secretary, "and we scarcely know what to believe and what to discredit. But it is true that a strong force of the enemy has been brought to London, in spite of all efforts to keep them back. If we had only them to deal with!" He sighed as he spoke.

"Quite so," commented the visitor. "But we have the riff-raff of creation on our hands, to say nothing of our own dregs. They are showing no pity or consideration—but in common fairness I for one admit that not overmuch has been shown to them. However, time is precious and I want to urge my scheme upon you. I have mentioned the case of time-expired soldiers, men who have served their full period with the colours, and thousands of whom would have given their immortal souls almost to get back to the Army. And they have been refused in favour of weedy youths who have collapsed like bantlings when the strain has come, they have been sent about their business, except in a few cases where they have been graciously allowed to resume the work which they can do so well. You do not know, I do not, no one does, how many of these good men there are available, and we cannot wait until some of your people have roused themselves enough to find out. It would be comic if it were not so tragic, to pause and enjoy the sight of fossilised clerks galvanised into something like activity and an honest effort to earn their wages. Well, as I came to say, these men are available, they can drill and march and shoot, and in a few days will become an army of veterans that will sweep any invader into the sea."

"I do not see what can be done with them," said the War Secretary in gloomy, almost hopeless tones.

"Done!" echoed Lord Harden. "Done! Move Heaven and earth to get these men collected into a National Guard. Whatever means you have at your disposal for communicating with all parts of the country, put them into operation. There are motors, there are messengers, there are horsemen and horsewomen, there are huntsmen, and the railways, telephones, and telegraphs are not so hopelessly crippled that they cannot be made use of. Set every channel open, employ every means—and if the War Office is unable to solve the problem of collecting these men, for God's sake let some of the newspaper correspondents take the thing in hand. They seem to triumph where the permanent officials are crippled. I know that it is a bitter pill for the War Office and the Admiralty to swallow, this lead in things by heads of commercial undertakings, but we are after all a commercial people and the business men have got the biggest stakes in the country. Let every town be dealt with, every workhouse emptied, and I will go further—let every man who has been either a soldier or sailor and is in prison be set free. You can trust ninety-nine per cent. of them to do their duty—and as for the hundredth, well, martial law is martial law and the life of such a man is worthless. What do you think?"

The War Secretary looked out of the window, down the noble street in which were situated the buildings where the whole business of the nation was transacted—the Houses of Parliament, the Admiralty, the War Office, the old Government structures, solid and respectable, and the new institutions which were enormous and imposing. Human beings were swarming down the thoroughfare towards the river, then the tramp of many feet was heard and he saw a battalion of infantry hurrying southwards.

They were men in khaki, and their condition showed that they had made a long forced march. So they had—they had been hurried on by road from Aldershot for the defence of London. They were exhausted as they entered the capital, and yet even now they were being hurled against the enemy who was advancing towards Westminster from Charing Cross and Waterloo. The road became thick with troops, and as the Secretary watched them go past a clearance was made on the far side and a battery of Horse Artillery thundered down towards Westminster Bridge.

"The enemy in our midst indeed!" said Lord Harden, who had joined his friend at the window. "I am sorry for him!"

"Even I feel less gloomy, after a spectacle like that," replied the Secretary. "Now, Lord Harden, come with me—I am going to a meeting of the Defence Committee, and I will accept the responsibility of taking you with me so that you can put your idea before them."

They descended to the street together, and were caught by the resistless human tide which surged towards the river with the troops.

A grimy hand touched the peer's arm.

"Beg pardon, sir," said John Steel. "But here's my old ridgment goin' past. I want to fall in—an' I should ha' done so, but I said I'd wait. Shall I join 'em, sir?"

"No," replied Lord Harden. "I am sorry, but men like you will be wanted elsewhere. Can I trust you to return to my house and wait for me there?"

"Very well, sir," said Steel regretfully, "but I shall be completely out o' the fightin' in a quiet square like that." He disappeared instantly, and resolutely suppressed the temptation to spring back to the ranks in which he had served. He returned to the house by deserted streets.

"Well?" asked the bride eagerly. "What's happening? What does all this fresh terrible commotion mean?"

"It means, ma'am," answered Steel, "'at there's a battle beginnin' in the heart of London—one between real soldiers on both sides, an' I'm thirstin' to be in the thick of it!"

"And what about father?" she asked anxiously.

"Well, miss," he said, "I saw him steerin' his way across the road, an', judgin' from the look of him an' a gentleman he was with, they both wanted to chip in with a rifle an' baynit, too! The whole nation, from top to bottom, seems to be wakin' at last!"

(To be continued.)

"ENIGMARELLE," the wonderful mechanical man, which is now being shown at the London Hippodrome.

A pretty picture from Japan; sent from Tokyo by a "P.I.P." reader.

BIRD PARLIAMENT.

Bird-lovers and students from all parts of the world are now assembled in London to participate in the greatest event in ornithological circles for five years past—the quinquennial meeting of the International Ornithological Congress. Five years ago the congress met in Paris, and five years previously in Budapest. To the world's scientists the congress is important as giving the opportunity to bring up to date the knowledge of the birds of the entire globe. To the mere bird-lover its importance lies in the fact that the whole weight of its international influence is thrown on the side of bird protection and preservation. Many and various are the subjects these bird experts will discuss. They include questions which present too many scientific subtleties for the average bird-lover. But such subjects as "The Food of Birds," "The Usefulness of and the Harm Done by the Sparrow to Agriculturists," and "The Present State of the Law for the Protection of Birds" are constantly cropping up, and the discussion upon them will be awaited with general interest.

"ENIGMARELLE."

Another startling novelty has made its first bow at the London Hippodrome during the week. The directors have engaged a really enigmatical turn called "Enigmarelle." When Mrs. Shelley wrote that marvellously sensational romance "Frankenstein" it was prophesied that sooner or later science would discover a means whereby her brilliant idea would be carried into complete execution, or, at least, nearly so. The occasion has now arisen. The modern Prometheus, who has invented "Enigmarelle," has evidently based his plans upon those of "Frankenstein," and succeeded far beyond the expectations of even himself in producing the most startling reproductions of a human figure possible. It is purely mechanical. The marvel is, this modern Prometheus has not succeeded in making it talk. When wound up, or rather, set going, "Enigmarelle" walks straight, or at angles, or in circles without the slightest assistance, and, astounding to relate, *writes its own name on a blackboard.* It weighs 190 pounds, and is six feet in height. Another remarkable phenomenon regarding "Enigmarelle" is the dismemberment of the legs, arms, and head; a complete exposure of the interior of the head and body, and immediately afterwards, the revivification of the automatom. We have heard of the Iron Horse, but the magneto-electric-cum-human nondescript is certainly new and strange. "Enigmarelle" consists of nearly as many component parts as a ninety-horse-power racing motor-car, and probably cost ten times more to construct. It took ten years to complete, the latter five being expended on solving the problem of making it write its own name without assistance. To those who are interested in mathematics, in scientific research, in horology, and the solution of the vexed question of perpetual motion, "Enigmarelle" will undoubtedly prove a splendid object for study; while to the lay mind it will prove itself one of the most curious inventions of the human brain. Until the inventor (the modern Prometheus) discloses his secret of maintaining the perfect equilibrium of this enormous moving weight, it will remain to everybody exactly what it is, "an enigma."

Picture Postcards.

We have just received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd., some packets of their latest picture postcards. The subjects are of exceptional beauty and interest. Messrs. Tuck are offering large money prizes for the best collections of photographs.

Useful to Cyclists.

The 1905 catalogue of the British Cycle Manufacturing Co. ought to be of exceptional interest to cyclists and those contemplating buying a machine. The "Royal Ajax" cycles for gentlemen and the "Silver Queen" for ladies are too well known to require comment. If you are thinking of going in for a new machine you cannot do better than send to the British Cycle Manufacturing Co., 1 and 3, Berry Street, Liverpool, for their catalogue.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

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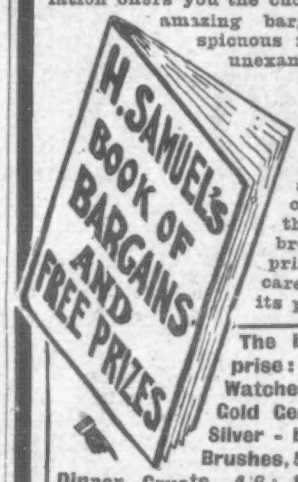

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THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

I want this week to heartily thank the very numerous readers of the *P.I.P.* who have been kind enough to write to me in response to the request which I inserted in last week's issue that they should let me know just what they thought of the paper. Such a large number of readers have replied that I find it impossible to answer all by post; so those who do not receive a personal reply from me will know that it is not through any lack of courtesy. It has always seemed to me that it would be much better if I were in closer touch with my readers, and this huge batch of letters and postcards now on my desk confirms that opinion.

I am going, therefore, to make a regular feature of these few paragraphs of Editorial chat. I want you to write to me from week to week, just as you have done now, telling me exactly what you think of the different features of the paper. I want all my readers to feel that they can write to me as often as they feel disposed, with the assurance that any suggestions they may make will have my earnest attention. If you think you have any snap-shots of your own taking which would be suitable for the paper, send them along, and if I can use them I will pay you for them. If there is anything you want to know and can't find it in any reference books you have handy, write to me, and I will endeavour to answer your questions in the columns of the paper.

It is impossible to refer, in the limited space at my disposal here, to more than a few of the expressions of good-will which have reached me this week from every part of the United Kingdom and abroad. I have a particularly staunch friend in "W. H. B.," who has taken in the *P.I.P.* ever since it was first published, and says he hopes to continue to do so as long as he lives. Thank you, "W. H. B.," and may you live long! Another reader, "J. W. D.," of Almondbury, Yorkshire, says that he has taken in the paper since 1878, and that his parents used to take it in before him.

"I am very much interested in 'The Enemy in our Midst,'" he says, "and if ever any foreign devils of an enemy get into Yorkshire you may depend upon it that the 'Tykes' will defend their country to the last drop of blood." Mr. Wood's thrilling tale has, indeed, taken our readers by storm, and I have had shoals of postcards testifying to the interest with which each new instalment is perused. "Old Subscriber" says, "If it acts as a warning to our Government it will not have been written in vain. To have alien pilots for our ships is going to extremes in careless trustfulness."

A Welsh reader claims to have taken the *P.I.P.* in as unique a place as any of our readers. He says that he takes his copy every week to the bottom of the deep Welsh steam coal pit, where he works. After he has done with the paper he lends it to his poorer neighbours. I am much obliged to my Welsh friend, and I hope that every other reader of *P.I.P.* will follow his excellent example. To show the paper to your friends after you have read it yourself is a form of kindness which entails little trouble to you, but for which I am very grateful. Will you please remember this?

During the past few months more than one man has been led to the scaffold, and many more are even now languishing in His Majesty's prisons who might never have been apprehended for their misdeeds but for the fact that they left behind them, at the scene of their crimes, an imprint of the minute lines upon their fingers. These finger-prints have been the main clue—and sometimes the *only* clue—which the police have had to work upon, but in consequence of the wonderful infallibility of the system such a clue has been all sufficient, and they have been tracked down with more precision than could have been the case even if a weapon or a cap or some other more obvious clue had been left behind instead.

Sometimes the finger imprint has been left upon a glass tumbler, sometimes upon a bottle or a window; it matters not. The faithful camera has been brought to bear upon the impression, and every detective in the case has soon been handed a photo enlargement of the finger-print, and arrests have been the result. It is said that criminals now wear gloves when engaged upon their favourite occupations. That would certainly help them, but the finger-print is not only useful in the detection of the authors of deeds of violence. The system is also to be used to *prevent* crime.

Many banks are already considering the advisability of stipulating that clients, when signing a cheque for a large amount, shall also append an imprint of the thumb. This would permanently prevent the gentle art of cashing forged cheques. Furthermore, all persons cashing cheques for big amounts may, before long, not only have to endorse them in the ordinary way, but also to give their finger-prints to the bank cashier, who would file them with the signature of the man to whom he paid over any large amount of money.

There is a huge future, therefore, for the finger-print. But it isn't everybody who could pick out two impressions for the same identical finger from, say, a score or fifty others. It might be very useful if you could, so we are going to start a competition on these lines, in which valuable prizes will be offered to those readers whose detective abilities are the keenest.

A number of finger-prints will be printed and among them will be duplicates; the task will be to couple up these imprints. Such a competition cannot fail to be intensely interesting and fascinating, and at the same time you will be learning something about the greatest criminal science of the present day. Full particulars of the competition, together with the first set of imprints, will appear in next week's issue.

THE EDITOR.

Photo, Campbell-Gray.

La Sylphe, the Famous Dancer, now appearing at the Alhambra, London.

MEN, NOT MACHINES.

Seeking the reasons for Admiral Togo's victory, the *Times* quotes Captain Mahan on Trafalgar: "In following the story of Trafalgar it must be remembered that the naval superiority of Great Britain lay not in the number of her ships, but in the wisdom, energy, and tenacity of her admirals and seamen." As in 1805, so in 1905, it is not the gun but the man behind it that wins the fight. Every fresh piece of information which comes to hand of the battle of the Sea of Japan confirms the view we took some days ago: that the chief superiority of the Japanese lay not so much in machinery as in intelligence, and that the great lesson of the event for England is that no amount of money spent on naval armament will avail if the character of the sailor be deficient. Science has never found a substitute for brain. A man who knows how to use a bow and arrow makes a more dangerous opponent than one who ignorantly handles the most modern revolver. The thought is consoling, especially when provoked by Togo's triumph. For when an English man-o'-war has lain alongside a foreign man-o'-war has not our superior discipline and smartness been remarked by every close observer?

THE COLISEUM, Charing Cross. FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. (Telephone No. 7620 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1s.; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7620 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

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30s. WEEKLY.—Salary offered to either sex (who can write) for their spare moments; work may be done evenings.—Particulars sent free to anyone sending addressed envelope to M. Truscott & Co., 4A Glendower, Torquay.

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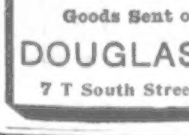

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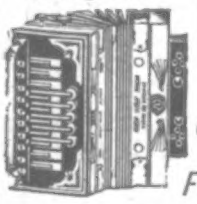

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